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Together®

FOR UNITED METHODISTS

JANUARY 1973

Your 1973 Together Calendar
A New Look for the Council of Bishops
Stabilizing Our Population

THE FIRST STEP

—Helen Sue Isely

One small
Provocation
May disrupt a marriage,
Change lives, or alter history.
Try caring.

That Troublesome Question of Amnesty

THAT STICKY question of amnesty is facing America again. Should the nation pardon the men who refused to bear arms, who left the country to evade the draft, or who deserted the armed forces?

"Of course," say some. "Since the Viet Nam war was itself immoral, those courageous and conscientious men who protested it should be fully exonerated." But others stoutly maintain: "Amnesty—never! To pardon all those cowardly deserters and draft dodgers would be to ignore the sacrifice of thousands of loyal young Americans who gave their lives for their country."

Actually, the issue cannot be that sharply divided into good and evil. Not everyone who avoided the draft did so because of high moral principle. Nor did all who entered military service do so because of courageous devotion to their country. Those are vast oversimplifications. When we clothe one position with the garments of absolute righteousness and cloak the other with the apparel of total depravity, we are guilty of a fatal folly.

Indeed, this tendency to brand those holding views opposing one's own as the embodiment of evil, while asserting one's own moral superiority, is both psychologically and theologically unsound. This was one of the fundamental heresies inherent in the recent political campaign. Neither President Nixon nor Senator McGovern was as angelic or as demonic as their respective campaign literature attempted to convince the voters that they or their opponent were.

This does not mean that the choice between them was insignificant; but it does mean that in this imperfect world there are few choices between absolute good and ultimate evil. Paul had it right when he wrote, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Looking at the amnesty issue from this perspective, one must conclude that mixtures of motives have moved young men either to enter military service or to avoid it. Some of these motives may be commendatory, others reprehensible. To sort all these out in each individual case is infinitely complex. To do so for a generation is impossible. And to issue a blanket condemnation of all who did or who did not participate in military service is utterly irresponsible.

The General Conference of The United Methodist Church recognized this dilemma by approving, for study purposes only, two resolutions on the theme of amnesty. One called for "a broad and general amnesty without qualifications or conditions." The other resolution called for "leniency in prosecuting draft resistors" after the war but did not recommend a general amnesty. Both resolutions challenged the church to extend "understanding and reconciliation to all persons who have been affected by the tragic consequences of the war, in order that the healing of a divided society may begin." Let us hope that the church membership responds to this urgent need.

It seems to us that some kind of an amnesty is in keeping with the Christian message of compassion, forgiveness, and reconciliation. At the same time, if that amnesty comes too easily, without any cost to the nation or to its recipients, it might well become—as with Bonhoeffer's "cheap grace"—an act which could make relatively meaningless these recent years of agony of conscience and sacrifice of human life.

In this imperfect world, composed of imperfect persons and imperfect institutions, there can be no perfect answer to this amnesty dilemma. Perhaps the fairest and wisest solution possible lies in the direction of granting full amnesty to all draft resistors who will give a year or more of their lives—as did many of their contemporaries in the draft—to national service. This new service, however, could be devoted to the benefit of the underprivileged in the United States or in some country abroad. Proposals similar to this have been offered by Senator Robert Taft of Ohio and by others in Congress.

Others will contend that the nation must grant a general amnesty as a part of the price of expiation of its guilt for involvement in the evil of warfare. Even so, it would seem only fitting that those persons who receive the gift of pardon offer some tangible gesture of dedication and loyalty in return.

Quite apart from arguments which may condemn or justify the tragic war in Viet Nam, it seems to us that every nation has the right to require some form of national service from its citizens. At the same time, every democratic nation must vigorously uphold the right of each citizen to follow his or her individual conscience. In our view, these are the difficult, complex, and sometimes tortuous issues involved in responsible decisions concerning the amnesty question. —*Your Editors*

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Both the mood and the meoning of the holidoy seoson ore reflected in this unusual multiple exposure picture token by prize-winning photogropher Bob Coyle of Dubuque, Iowo. "The city of Dubuque puts up o display of Christmos trees in o small downtown park,' Mr. Coyle soys. "The phota is the top of one tree and o cross on top of o building ocross the street from the pork." The technicol bockground of the picture is somewhot complicated, but it involved the use of o prism in front of the camero lens, then o microlens ta copy the originol slide with on electronic flosh and colored light source. Mr. Coyle, frequently nomed photogropher of the year in a four-stote oreo, hos won more than 400 owords in ten yeors.

Together

FOR UNITED METHODISTS

JANUARY 1973

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TOGETHER **JANUARY 1973**

Vol. XVII. No. 1 Copyright © 1972 by The United Methodist Publishing House **TOGETHER** is published monthly except combined issue of August and September by The United Methodist Publishing House at 201 Eighth Ave. S., Noshville, Tenn. 37202, where second class postage has been paid. The above address is the location of the **Business and Subscription Offices** (Phone [Area 615] 749-6405) and the **Advertising Office** (Phone [Area 615] 749-6141). **Subscription:** $5 a year in advance, single copy 50¢. **TOGETHER CHURCH PLAN** subscriptions through United Methodist churches are $4 per year, cash in advance, or $1 per quarter, billed quarterly. **Change of Address:** Five weeks advance notice is required. Send old and new addresses and label from current issue to Subscription Office. **Advertising:** Write Advertising Office for rates. **Editorial Submissians:** Address all correspondence to Editorial Office, TOGETHER, 1661 N. Northwest Hwy., Park Ridge, Ill. 60068 (Phone [Area 312] 299-4411). **Postmaster:** Send Form 3579 to TOGETHER, 201 Eighth Ave. S., Noshville, Tenn. 37202.

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Jottings

Not so often os we would like do we get around to telling you obout onother group of tolented people who make important contributions to each issue of *Together*. We ore referring to the artists whose drowings add so much to on author's words come to life.

One this month is **Tak Murakami**, Americon-born artist of Japanese descent, who illustroted **Stan Crawford**'s *The Old Man and the Armadillo* on poge 30.

"I was born into o farming fomily who worked incredibly hard to make ends meet," Mr. Murakami says. ". . . Not only were we poor, in the material sense of the word, but my whole life wos getting up in the morning, having rice and vegetobles (eaten with chopsticks), doing vorious chores ond progressively more farm work. At eight, I wos doing o full day's work and hoving rice, meot, and vegetables for lunch and supper—and I drank o lot of teo.

"When I entered public school, I wos ocutely owore thot I ottended in overolls (my friends in better trousers), brogans (my friends in oxfords), ond that I hod no allowonce."

With family life disrupted by suspicion ond FBI investigotion during World Wor II, "we moved to Colorodo ond I rode oll the woy there in the back of a Chevy pickup. The high point of the trip occurred one night when we stopped ot a motel. The low point wos when o buslood of school kids passed us by and we were called nomes which we were to heor more frequently in the years to come."

The Murokomi fomily shorecropped for severol yeors in whot Tak soys he now knows "wos hell for my older brothers ond sisters." He soys he never leorned to speak Joponese, ond "regrets it to this doy."

In school he wos ort editor of his high school onnuol for three yeors. He took on ort course by moil ond worked ot it nights, getting only four or five hours sleep o night during a two-yeor spon. "It wos worth it," he says, "as I begon illustroting stories for the *Empire* mogazine of the *Denver Post*. At 19, I left for Chicogo on o bus with $50 in my pocket . . . I don't regret my experiences . . . they are port of my life . . . more beneficial than not."

At present Mr. Murakami lives with his family in Lake Forest, Ill., and finds it no longer necessary to be embarrassed about onything.

Another contributor who worked long and hard to enter her professional career (that of a registered nurse) is **Florence Sippy Bell**, author of *Not Wonted* [page 16]. Now retired, she likes to recoll some of the memoroble little things thot seem to stick in one's mind long after more important things have been forgotten.

For exomple, the first-grode boy who brought o kindergortner to her for first oid. "Stop crying," the first-grader told his smoller chorge. "All she ever does is fix your hurt spot ond tell you to keep your dirty honds off it."

Yes, the author of *Pleose Don't Call Him 'Jonitor'* [poge 27] had something to soy, ond she soid it! However, Mrs. **Ruth L. Wixon** wonts it understood thot she isn't writing obout members of her own church, but obout some members of other United Methodist churches who keep innocently osking: "Is Wick still the jonitor?"

She tells us her husbond was delighted to know thot her orticle would oppeor in *Together*, but adds: "My ex-proofreoder, 93-yeor-old father will be the severest critic." And we gother thot she hos been something of on assistont to Mr. Wixon since she declares she "hos shoveled more snow thon ony womon in the church."

Donald Culross Peattie contributed a number of articles to this magazine before his death a few years ogo. Our quototion ending the *1973 Calendar-Pictorial* on poge 22 comes from his *A Book of Hours*, one of our oll-time fovorites. Mr. Peattie's prophetic description of the eorth os it would look from the moon wos published in 1931, more thon 30 years before our ostronouts sow—ond thought—virtuolly the same thing!

—*Your Editors*

A New Look for the Council of Bishops

By JOHN A. LOVELACE
News Editor, *Together*

IN THREE distinct ways the Council of Bishops pictured on page 6 is unlike any predecessor body in the 11 religious traditions now merged into The United Methodist Church.

The most obvious distinctiveness is in the number of new faces. Twenty-one new bishops were elected in 1972—19 in the U.S. and 2 in Africa. This means that one third of the church's 61 active bishops are new.

The other distinctivenesses are less obvious. One is a new openness of style. The council has instructed its executive committee to schedule at least one session open to outsiders during the bishops' next meeting in April in Washington, D.C. Yet to be decided is what groups or individuals will be invited, but newsmen and special interest groups are among those awaiting bids.

Probably of longer lasting value and of deeper significance to the church, though, is still a third distinct change in the Council of Bishops. It appears at first glance to be little more than an internal reordering, with each of the 80 active and retired U.S. bishops assigned to one of four committees. But in the words of the council president, Bishop O. Eugene Slater, this new style of operation will permit two things:

"More participation in council affairs by all bishops.

"The kind of leadership which we believe the church wants and expects the bishops to give."

One chairman of a new council committee called the change "a real turning of a corner for the Council of Bishops. This means a new involvement, a moving out for the bishops to do some things they should have been doing." Another chairman said there is a lot of excitement in the council about this approach. More public statements and a higher visibility seem sure to be among the outcomes, several of the bishops agreed.

The wheel-within-a-wheel restructure is simple on the face of it. There are four committees: Pastoral Concerns; Teaching Concerns; Administrative Concerns; Relational Concerns. Each has a chairman, a vice-chairman, and a secretary, and each is free to have standing subcommittees and/or short-term task forces. Thus in any given area of concern approximately one fourth or 20 of the U.S. bishops will be involved, making recommendations back to the full council for action.

To the uninformed it comes as a surprise to learn that not all bishops have been active and vocal in the council, a peer group of purest definition. Each man is, after all, consecrated as a general superintendent of the entire church and each is assigned to supervise a geographical area of United Methodism during his active tenure.

But one historian of the council has noted that until only about two decades ago the bishops, in council, observed an unspoken but firm seniority rule. They met without an agenda; the president and his elder peers spoke on whatever interested them, and the younger bishops listened and served their time until *they* became elder bishops.

The late Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam is credited with introducing use of an agenda and with encouraging younger bishops to speak more actively. Bishop Roy H. Short, who retired only last summer after 16 years as council secretary, advanced the use of agendas.

The union of 1968 which brought together Methodists and Evangelical United Brethren also brought together two episcopal traditions. As one means for these bishops to know more of each other and of the traditions they were beginning to create, the council during 1968-72 commissioned the writing of several papers by outside scholars as well as by men from its midst.

Bishop Slater recalls that two papers provided the real breakthrough for the council's move to a new style of operation. One was by Bishop Fred G. Holloway who retired in 1968 from Methodism's West Virginia Area. Another was by Bishop James K. Mathews, then of Boston, now of the Washington, D.C., Area.

"Each paper, according to the genius of its author, dealt largely with the role of the bishop in The United Methodist Church," Bishop Slater recalls. These papers led to creation of a committee to look into the council structure. New York Area Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke, now retired, chaired that committee.

"There was no opposition to this study," says Bishop Slater. "In fact there was an underlying feeling that we did need a new style of structure."

The council at its semiannual meeting last April, just ahead of the 1972 General Conference session, adopted the restructure proposal. The four committees are basic to it. Each bishop was asked to list his first, second, and third preferences for committee assignments; in July new bishops were similarly assigned.

Conveners were designated for the committees' first meetings last September in Cleveland, Ohio. (The meetings were at about the same time the bishops posed for the quadrennial *Together* photograph.) Out of those meetings came officers, and each chairman was added

to the council's executive committee, giving that strategic group 13 members rather than 9 as a part of the restructure plan.

At Bishop Slater's request each committee chairman prepared a background paper for *Together* on the work of his group. *Together* then talked with each chairman and with Bishop Slater. From those papers and interviews we offer the following details about this important "turning of a corner" for United Methodism's highest executive body.

Pastoral Concerns

Bishop H. Ellis Finger, Jr., of the Nashville Area, chairman, notes that historically and currently bishops are called chief pastors. "There is a sense in which the whole of a bishop's ministry—teaching, administrative, relational—is pastoral in nature."

But Bishop Finger describes four general subdivisions of episcopal responsibility of a special pastoral nature: public worship and ritual, ministerial affairs, episcopal affairs, and innovative ministries. These are points of beginning, he said, and the committee may or may not subdivide itself under those precise headings.

"Significantly," Bishop Finger said, "worship tops the list. Central to and in the faith is an experience of and with God. A movement toward meaningful praise can be sustained and accelerated. Bishops expect to be a part of it."

Referring to his committee's focus on ministerial affairs, Bishop Finger said that the rationale for this special emphasis on chief-pastor-to-pastor relationship is to provide exciting, helpful, resourceful servants to the parish level. This begins, he said, with recruitment, continues through theological school study, includes special appointments other than in the parish ministry, and involves management of personnel through stationing pastors.

Chief pastors relate to their peers under the committee's heading of episcopal affairs. Bishop Finger explained that this has to do particularly with overseas visitations by bishops from the U.S. At the same time that attempts are being made to allow overseas bishops to visit in this country's episcopal areas there is some question, Bishop Finger added, about the value of the U.S.-to-overseas program. Bishop Finger envisioned a strengthening of the world church through this special emphasis of his committee.

As for innovative ministries, Bishop Finger spoke of "many fresh approaches within and beyond the framework of the traditional parish organizations."

Bishop Finger said that his committee expects to maintain close liaison with the commission created by General Conference to study the church's general and district superintendency. Apart from that study the Council of Bishops has established a committee to recommend a program of orientation and continuing training for district superintendents. Bishop R. Marvin Stuart of the San Francisco Area chairs this committee with Bishop Wicke as executive secretary.

Teaching Concerns

Bishop W. McFerrin Stowe of the Dallas Area said that his committee, too, plans to study the superintendency, both episcopal and district, and to work with the orientation and training committee headed by Bishop Stuart. Bishop Dwight E. Loder of the Michigan Area heads this committee task force.

"The function of teaching has been a significant part of the work of a bishop since the early church," noted Bishop Stowe. He quoted Bishop Short as recalling that Methodist bishops originally regarded themselves as teachers of both the preachers and the people.

He also quoted Bishop Holloway: "Teaching concerns also involve us in learning concerns. There is a fallacy among some that because one is a bishop, 'one knows.' A bishop can never make a show of his knowledge, but it is equally bad if he makes a show of his ignorance."

This committee has subcommittees or task forces in the following areas:

Continuing education—headed by Bishop D. Frederick Wertz, West Virginia Area. It has called for bishops to have established patterns of reading and study, for presentations to the council by leaders in church and society, and for a seminar of several days at least once a quadrennium in a field of major concern, interest, or skill.

Theological schools—Bishop James M. Ault of the Philadelphia Area, dean of Drew Theological Seminary prior to his election last July, heads this subcommittee. Principal work will be to carry on mutual interests with deans and presidents of the seminaries.

Immediate concerns—Bishop Ernest T. Dixon, Jr., of the Kansas Area chairs the group which selected two priorities: the bishops' opportunity to provide leadership in the emphasis on black colleges and the place of bishops in ministry to subcultures.

Bishop Earl G. Hunt, Jr., of the North Carolina Area heads a subgroup planning an emphasis upon the work of the Holy Spirit and the personal experience of Jesus Christ in the life of a Christian. Bishop James S. Thomas of the Iowa Area heads a subcommittee helping the bishops lead the church in study and understanding of two major documents adopted by the 1972 General Conference, one on United Methodist doctrine and doctrinal standards, the other on social principles.

Relational Concerns

Within the charter of this committee headed by Bishop Paul A. Washburn of the Chicago Area are United Methodism's connections with ecumenical movements and agencies, with autonomous churches having United Methodist root systems, with united churches having congregations formerly related to United Methodism or to its predecessors, and with nonchurch agencies which share United Methodist objectives. Bishop Washburn says his committee also carries responsibility for the Council of Bishops response to social problems like war, drug abuse, disease, pollution, and racism.

Does this mean, Bishop Washburn was asked, that the Council of Bishops may become more of a spokesman for the church? That could happen, he admitted, though he said that the primary purpose will be for the council to speak *to* rather than *for* the church. Formerly, he added, the council issued a few statements and then usually only after a small committee "met in a closet." Now his full committee, approximately one fourth of the council, will participate in the drawing up of statements.

Bishop Washburn mentioned problems already brought to his committee such as relations with the United Church of Southeast Asia, increasing number of autono-

mous churches retaining ties to United Methodism, interchange of missionaries including those from overseas coming to the United States, and a revision in style and structure of the World Methodist Council.

Bishop Mathews heads a subcommittee studying United Methodist relations with overseas churches over which the church in this country has much less decision-making authority than in times past although it retains responsibility for supporting them.

Bishop James Armstrong of the Dakotas Area heads a subcommittee planning a seminar for the council next April on relationships of United Methodist bishops to agencies outside the church.

Bishop Charles Golden of the Los Angeles Area heads a subcommittee seeking better ways to respond to national and world issues like war, racism, and pollution.

Bishop Washburn emphasized that the possible increase in the number of statements made by the Council of Bishops will force the council to become very disciplined in the way it speaks "so that the whole church will be convinced that we are concerned."

Administrative Concerns

This committee, explained its chairman, Bishop W. Ralph Ward of the New York Area, expects to deal with administrative matters involving both the Council of

TWENTY of 21 newly elected bishops attended their first meeting of the United Methodist Council of Bishops when the council held its inaugural session of the 1973-76 quadrennium last September in Cleveland. In the custom of past quadrenniums, the bishops included time on their agenda for a bus ride to suburban Lakewood to pose for this Together *portrait in the impressive sanctuary of Lakewood United Methodist Church. On the chancel screen are figures of the 12 apostles in sculptured metal.*

First Row (left to right): **Wilbur W. Y. Choy,** Seattle Area. **R. D. Joshi,** Bombay (India) Area. **Shot K. Mondol,** Retired. **Edward G. Carroll,** Boston Area. **L. Scott Allen,** Holston Area. **S. Trowen Nagbe, Sr.,** Monrovia (Liberia) Area. **Mangal Singh,** Retired. **Cornelio M. Ferrer,** Manila (Philippines) Area.

Second Row (left to right): **Joseph H. Yeakel,** Syracuse Area. **James Armstrong,** Dakotas Area. **Finis A. Crutchfield, Jr.,** Louisiana Area. **H. Ellis Finger, Jr.,** Nashville Area. **Don W. Holter,** Nebraska Area.

Third Row (left to right): **Mack B. Stokes,** Jackson Area. **Paul M. Herrick,** Retired. [Space] **Charles F. Golden,** Los Angeles Area. **O. Eugene Slater,** San Antonio Area. **Ralph T. Alton,** Indiana Area. [Space] **J. Owen Smith,** Retired. **Willis J. King,** Retired.

Fourth Row (left to right): **Prince A. Taylor, Jr.,** New Jersey Area. **W. Kenneth Goodson,** Richmond Area. **Lloyd C. Wicke,** Retired. **Edwin R. Garrison,** Retired. **Fred G. Holloway,** Retired. [Space] **Charles W. Brashares,** Retired. **R. Marvin Stuart,** San Francisco Area. **Paul W. Milhouse,** Oklahoma Area. **Robert M. Blackburn,** Raleigh Area. **James M. Ault,** Philadelphia Area. **Paul Hardin, Jr.,** Retired.

Fifth Row (left to right): **Roy C. Nichols,** Pittsburgh Area. **Paul E. Martin,** Retired. **Jesse R. DeWitt,** Wisconsin Area. **Eugene M. Frank,** Arkansas Area. **Robert E. Goodrich, Jr.,** Missouri Area. **Kenneth W. Copeland,** Houston Area. **James W. Henley,** Retired. **Aubrey G. Walton,** Retired. **Paul V. Galloway,** Retired. **W. Kenneth Pope,** Retired. **W. Earl Ledden,** Retired. **Francis E. Kearns,** Ohio East Area. **Nolan B. Harmon,** Retired.

Sixth Row (left to right): **James K. Mathews,** Washington (D.C.) Area. **Thomas M. Pryor,** Retired. **Roy H. Short,** Retired. **J. Gordon Howard,** Retired. **Edwin E. Voigt,** Retired. **Edward J. Pendergrass,** Retired. **D. Frederick Wertz,** West Virginia Area. **Lance Webb,** Illinois Area. **Melvin E. Wheatley, Jr.,** Denver Area. **Paul A. Washburn,** Chicago Area. **Edward L. Tullis,** Columbia Area. **Wayne K. Clymer,** Minnesota Area. **Alsie H. Carleton,** Northwest Texas-New Mexico Area. **T. Otto Nall,** Retired.

Seventh Row (left to right): **Joel D. McDavid,** Florida Area. **Earl G. Hunt, Jr.,** Charlotte Area. **W. McFerrin Stowe,** Dallas-Fort Worth Area. **John B. Warman,** Harrisburg Area. **Jack M. Tuell,** Portland Area. **William R. Cannon,** Atlanta Area. **James S. Thomas,** Iowa Area. **Ernest T. Dixon, Jr.,** Kansas Area. **H. Clifford Northcott,** Retired. **Frederick B. Newell,** Retired. **Onema Fama,** Zaire (Africa) Area. **W. Ralph Ward,** New York Area. **Carl J. Sanders,** Birmingham Area. **Frank L. Robertson,** Louisville Area.

Active bishops not present: **F. Gerald Ensley,** Ohio West Area. **Dwight E. Loder,** Michigan Area. **Ole E. Borgen,** Northern Europe Area. **Emilio de Carvalho,** Angola Area. **Paul L. A. Granadosin,** Baguio (Philippines) Area. **Armin Haertel,** East Germany Area. **Joseph R. Lance,** Lucknow (India) Area. **Eric A. Mitchell,** Hyderabad (India) Area. **Abel T. Muzorewa,** Rhodesia Area. **Federico J. Pagura,** Panama-Costa Rica. **Franz W. Schaefer,** Geneva (Switzerland) Area. **A. J. Shaw,** Delhi (India) Area. **C. Ernst Sommer,** Frankfurt (Germany) Area. **Escrivao A. Zunguze,** Mozambique Area.

Retired bishops not present: **Hobart B. Amstutz; Enrique C. Balloch; Sante Uberto Barbieri; Fred P. Corson; Ralph E. Dodge; Paul N. Garber; Harold R. Heininger; Hermann W. Kaebnick; Gerald H. Kennedy; John Wesley Lord; Edgar A. Love; William C. Martin; Arthur J. Moore; Noah W. Moore, Jr.; Reuben H. Mueller; J. Waskom Pickett; Richard C. Raines; Marshall R. Reed; Clement D. Rockey; W. Angie Smith; W. Maynard Sparks; James H. Straughn; John A. Subhan; Gabriel Sundaram; Donald H. Tippett; Jose L. Valencia; Hazen G. Werner; Friederich Wunderlich; Pedro Zottele.**

Bishops as a whole and its individual members.

As an example of the former he cited a letter which came to the committee's first meeting. Written by a young person and addressed originally to a theology professor in a United Methodist seminary, it proposed ways to strengthen the presence and significance of youth in the General Conference. The proposal, said Bishop Ward, claimed significant attention by his committee. "As a result," he added, "it is not unlikely that this young person's proposal, or something near to it, will reshape the way United Methodist youth representatives will arrive at General Conference and how their presence can become increasingly effective."

As examples of his committee's dealing with individual bishops' administrative concerns, Bishop Ward mentioned episcopal salaries, administration of relief programs within episcopal areas, and relations with such programs as the Fund for Reconciliation.

Like two other committee chairmen, Bishop Ward said that his committee will be increased in the General Conference's superintendency study, "and our council interests in this subject probably will center down in this committee eventually." He also envisioned his committee, like the other three, initiating legislative proposals which could come to and possibly go through the council as petitions to General Conference.

In their prepared papers and in their talks with *Together* the committee chairmen and the council president seemed fully aware of some apparent overlap among the committees. They also acknowledged that some persons outside the council may see the bishops' work overlapping that of various program boards and agencies. But they saw the council itself working out the overlap within its own committees and saw the council as an open-minded body ready to be supportive of any and all agencies of the church.

Not without some effort was the Council of Bishops able to admit that its prior method of operating as a body of the whole failed to allow adequate handling of many matters that confront the church.

There also is the recognition that the council possesses a variety of expertise and interests which could not surface under the traditional style of operation. These can and will surface under the new style, the bishops believe.

In something of a summary paper complementary to those of the chairmen, Bishop Wicke noted that the council's first (late September) try at working in the new style proved good. "There was total involvement of all the members," he wrote. "The agenda granted adequate time for wide-ranging discussion, both in the plenary session and on the committee level. The final result permitted each person a fair understanding of the work of the church, the relationship of the bishop to that work, and a feeling of participation in its wider life."

"The boys," as Bishop Wicke calls them, are still free to speak as the spirit moves them but no longer, as in the long ago, "always in order of seniority." □

What Is a Bishop?

AS A GROUP, the bishops of The United Methodist Church have been described, somewhat colorfully, as resembling "great shuttles, shooting here and there over the land, weaving and interweaving the church together in a glorious ecclesiastical fabric."

The United Methodist Church chooses its bishops by secret ballots cast by equal numbers of laymen and ministers voting as delegates in one of the church's five jurisdictional conferences in the United States or in central conferences in other parts of the world.

In this manner, the church "sets apart" certain of its ministers for important administrative roles. Generally, it is safe to say, every United Methodist bishop is elected because he can bring some special talent, or array of talents, to the episcopacy.

It has been said that for every ounce of honor that comes to him there is a pound of responsibility. He will travel extensively "throughout the United Methodist connection." He will appoint preachers; he will preside at annual, jurisdictional, and General Conferences; he will attend meetings of the United Methodist Council of Bishops, and of the College of Bishops in his own jurisdiction. He will assist in planning the general program and policies of the church. For all this he will receive a salary (in 1973) of $23,000 plus expenses and a housing allowance.

A bishop's life, despite all its peripatetic activity, is often a lonely one. It is filled with major decisions as well as petty details.

The first Methodist bishop, elected in 1784, was Francis Asbury, a young Englishman dispatched to America by John Wesley, father of the Methodist movement. Wesley was not pleased, however, to learn that Asbury had been given the title of "bishop." He wrote: "How can you, how dare you suffer yourself to be called Bishop? I shudder. I start at the very thought! Men may call me a knave or a fool, a rascal, a scoundrel, and I am content; but they shall never by my consent call me Bishop!"

Bishop Asbury was a stern disciplinarian; in fact, when it was demanded of him, he was an all-powerful leader.

Today, a United Methodist bishop still possesses great power. In the U.S. (but not in the overseas conferences) he is elected for life. But he could not—even if he desired—appropriate exclusive authority over the church. The bishop's opinions are highly respected, but his decisions may be challenged before the Judicial Council, the church's equivalent of the U.S. Supreme Court. His greatest power, of course, lies in his authority to make pastoral appointments—but the district superintendent, and usually the minister himself, are consulted. A bishop presides over General Conference sessions but has no vote and needs permission of the body to speak.

Your bishop is a busy, hard-traveling man. Perhaps his role was summed up best years ago when it was said of one: "He gave himself to his tasks and was away from home most of the time."

—*Herman B. Teeter*

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the Home or Project overseas.

Q. What type of Projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of Projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 150,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, serious illness of one or both parents, or parents just too poor to care for their children.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each Home is required to submit an annual audited statement.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency? A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough to feed a family of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal might be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only $12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills Box 26S11

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Richmond, Va. 23283

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month.

I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

TG 6910

NEWS

HIGH COURT RULES LAITY NOT ALLOWED AS BISHOPS

At its recent semiannual meeting United Methodism's Judicial Council ruled that a lay person cannot become a bishop. The high court, which includes two laymen and two laywomen, further ruled out electing a lay person and then ordaining him or her as a minister prior to consecration. Qualifying requirements for a minister (traveling elder), the council noted, include four years of seminary education plus experience. Council members are, from left, the Rev. I. Lynd Esch of Indianapolis, the Rev. Ralph M. Houston of Mt. Tremper, N.Y., president, Theodore M. Berry (foreground) of Cincinnati, Mrs. D. Dwight Grove of Philadelphia, the Rev. Hoover Rupert of Kalamazoo, Mich., Mrs. Florence Lucas Edwards of Jamaica, N.Y., the Rev. Truman W. Potter of Charleston, W.Va., Tom Matheny of Hammond, La., and the Rev. Charles B. Copher of Atlanta.

VOTERS DETERMINE SEVERAL ISSUES WITH RELIGIOUS IMPACT

The same elections which swept President Nixon back into office and retained Democratic control of the U.S. Congress also decided some state issues with high religious content. Bids to liberalize abortion laws were turned down in Michigan and North Dakota, the Michigan defeat credited to Catholics and the North Dakota loss to the state's dominant religious denomination, the American Lutheran Church....Californians voted to restore the death penalty and to block bussing to achieve racial balance in schools. They also defeated a proposed stringent obscenity law and a proposition allowing legal possession and transportation of marijuana by anyone 18 or older....New Mexicans overwhelmingly approved a constitutional amendment specifying that church-owned commercial property is no longer tax exempt....Idaho voters turned down tax-supported bus transportation of nonpublic-school students.... A referendum on a bill offering $12 million yearly to parents of nonpublic-school students was defeated and a constitutional ban on lotteries was repealed in Maryland.

Vice-President and Mrs. Spiro T. Agnew turned down an invitation to homecoming activities at First United Methodist Church in Lynchburg, Va., where Mrs. Agnew's grandfather, the Rev. William B. Judegind, had been pastor....Sen. George McGovern told an ecumenical audience at First United Methodist Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., that he injected the theme of morality into the campaign because he saw election day as "judgment day for the values and priorities we most want to put forward."

The election outcome: 18 United Methodists in the U.S. Senate, 64 in the House of Representatives, and 6 in state governorships.

MEMBERSHIP DROPS, BUT GIVING RISES; ALSO PROPERTY VALUES

There are fewer United Methodists, but they are giving more money and accumulating more church property, according to the denomination's statistical office in Evanston, Ill. In late 1972 the membership total was 10,334,521, a decrease of 174,677 from a year earlier. Total giving for all church causes in fiscal 1971 was a record $843 million, an increase of $23 million from a year earlier. Value of churches, equipment, parsonages, and other property increased to $6.2 billion, a gain of $253 million. Attendance at principal worship services and church-school enrollments decreased along with membership.

RADIO BROADCASTS FROM ONE CHURCH NEAR HALF CENTURY

Radio itself was only a little more than two years old when Mathewson Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Providence, R.I., began broadcasting Sunday worship services. Come Sunday, Dec. 31, 1972, the broadcasts will be exactly, to the day, 50 years old. Leaders of Mathewson Street United Methodist Church believe that theirs is the oldest, live, continuing, radio ministry in America and that it may also be the oldest live radio programming in the nation. Among other features, it provides the only "church" during the winter for year-round residents of Cuttyhunk Island, Mass., cut off from the mainland by bad weather. Broadcasts since 1935 have been over the NBC affiliate, WJAR. Two men who went on to become bishops, Richard C. Raines and W. Earl Ledden, have pastored Mathewson Street Church during its historic radio ministry.

SOCIAL CONCERNS MAGAZINES MERGE

United Methodism's social-concerns magazine, engage, has merged with one of the oldest church publications in the field, social action, a United Church of Christ magazine started in 1935. First issue of the new engage/social action combination will appear in January, 1973, under the editorship of the present engage staff. Recent financial problems activated negotiations pursued for more than five years. engage, successor to the earlier magazines Concern and Contact originated in 1959, was started in 1968.

ARTISAN, PASTOR PRESENT CARVING TO GOOD NEIGHBOR

George P. Miller

When fire damaged Albright United Methodist Church in Phoenix, Ariz., recently, the priest at neighboring St. Thomas the Apostle Parish, Father John Doran (left) delivered a check for $1,000 as a gift from his congregation. In return John Ritschard, a retired Swiss clockmaker (rear) along with his pastor, the Rev. E. Clark Robb, presented his wood carving "Edelweiss Flowers." As Father Doran and Mr. Robb agreed, 15 years ago the exchange would have been impossible. "We wouldn't have done it and they wouldn't have accepted it," said the good-neighbor priest. Damage from the fire, which began in a nearby housing unit under construction, was confined mainly to the church's exterior walls and roof.

WANTED: QUALIFIED MISSION APPLICANTS AT HOME, OVERSEAS

Wanted: Male or female, 23-35, college graduate with one year's experience in a chosen field, commitment to Christ, a sensitivity to the needs and feelings of others, and the ability to work with people. Along with these qualifications, says the Board of Global Ministries, doctors and surgeons are needed in Algeria and Rhodesia, high-school science teachers in Zaire, Sarawak, and Liberia, and urban-church developers in Japan. Other missionary needs include teachers, dietitians, social workers, and houseparents in schools, hospitals, and children's homes from Alaska to Florida. For 1973 there are 40 openings in the National Division in the U.S., Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands, and 25 for the World Division overseas. In addition to regular missionary and deaconess service, special term service as U.S.-2s or overseas three-year workers is available for recent college graduates, ages 21-28.

HIGH-SCHOOL LEADERS REAFFIRM MARRIAGE, FAMILY

The majority of the nation's leading high-school students have happy family relationships, agree with their parents' disciplinary methods, and favor traditional marriage, according to a survery of 24,000 student leaders featured in the 1971-72 edition of Who's Who Among High School Students. Although 78% believed in traditional marriages, 30% favored trial periods of living together first. Half of the students felt they could always communicate with their families, but the majority turn to friends when they have problems. More than half of the Protestant respondents believed their denominations' philosophy has changed about right with the times, 28% said too little, and 5% too much. Life for 73% of the students was considered meaningful, but 23% had seriously contemplated suicide.

45 YEARS LATER CHURCH-ORIGINATED SERVICE CLUB DISBANDS

It started in 1915 as a girls Sunday-school class in a former Methodist Episcopal Church in north Minneapolis. In 1927 it was more formally organized for service. And in 1972 the Whatsoever Social Service Club disbanded after 45 years of continuous service to whatever needy cause came to the attention of club members. Dues have remained at $1 a year, buttressed by two love offerings and numerous moneymaking projects.

UNITED METHODISTS IN THE NEWS

First woman president of the Florida Council of Churches is Ethel M. (Mrs. Bruce) Gray of Hastings, grandmother of 10 and manager of a 300-acre farm....New financial manager for United Presbyterian national agencies is Delmar R. Byler. He was raised a Mennonite....National Council of Churches appointments include the Rev. Eugene L. Stockwell as associate general secretary for overseas ministries and the Rev. Arleon L. Kelley in charge of regional and local ecumenism....The 1972 distinguished service award of the Alcohol and Drug Problems Association of North America went to the Rev. Ernest A. Shepherd, mental-health commissioner for the state of Connecticut....81 blood donations in the past 28 years is the record recently publicized in Singapore newspapers for a missionary, the Rev. Robert A. Foster....New editor of the Christian Advocate magazine for United Methodist pastors is the Rev. William C. Henzlik. His predecessor, the Rev. James M. Wall, was named editor of The Christian Century following an unsuccessful campaign for the U.S. Congress....L. Stacy Weaver will retire as president of Methodist College in Fayetteville, N.C., by the end of the fiscal year....New president of the North American Conference of Men's Work Secretaries is Charles P. Kellogg, Sr., of the Board of the Laity staff....New chairperson of the Joint Committee for the United Methodist Office for the United Nations is Mary Elizabeth (Mrs. W. C.) Carter of Prattville, Ala....Bishop Paul M. Herrick, who took early retirement from the Richmond (Va.) Area in 1970 because of ill health, died Nov. 23 at age 74.

Human Relations Day:

It's All About People

SOUTHSIDE Community Garage in Minneapolis, Minn., is no ordinary service center. It sells parts at 20 to 30 percent below retail prices and charges only $5 an hour for labor—fees well below those of most other auto repair shops. More important, its mechanics share skills with customers and teach them how to maintain their own cars.

Located in a low-income Model Cities neighborhood, the garage opened in April, 1972. One of many projects sponsored by United Methodist Voluntary Service (UMVS), it operates six day a week as a nonprofit corporation. Management responsibility rotates, and workers take turns as coordinator, handling scheduling, parts, and billing.

Teaching is a priority. Before work is accepted, coordinator and customer figure out just how much time the car owner can spend working on the vehicle. Potential customers must be unable to afford high-cost repairs and preferably live in the neighborhood—a predominantly white working-class area with a large Indian minority and a growing number of blacks.

Many customers come in off the street, but about 20 are "members" who pay $25 a year. Members agree to work on their own cars and in return are guaranteed so many hours of a mechanic's time, shop space, and future class enrollment.

In addition to providing low-cost repairs and training, workers envision a long-range goal of becoming a neighborhood political force with residents lobbying for better mass transportation to reduce dependence on cars, challenging overpriced services, and pushing manufacturers to build less repair-prone cars.

"We really see ourselves, along with our neighbors in the Southside, becoming more self-reliant in meeting our needs. Living and working in this community needn't be an alienating proposition," explained UMVS volunteer and a garage organizer Lynn Hinkle.

Before this is accomplished, the garage must achieve better financial footing. Workers are presently searching for a new location—larger and better equipped so mechanics can work at full capacity and serve the demand. In two or three years they hope to be self-supporting. Like other UMVS projects the garage got its start through the Fund for Reconciliation (FFR). Beginning in 1973, however, funds will come from a new source, the Human Relations Day offering to be received in United Methodist churches on January 28. Of the $1 million goal, $375,000 is designated to go to UMVS programs. Around the country volunteers—the majority of them young people and minority workers from the local communities—operate food cooperatives, employment services, programs for youth, and many other projects to enable people to help themselves.

Community garage offers low-cost repairs, plus training.

The voluntary service is one of four United Methodist programs which depend on the new offering for their existence. Adopted by the 1972 General Conference, the Human Relations Day offering replaces the Race Relations Day offering supporting black colleges. The colleges now benefit from the apportioned Black College Fund.

The new emphasis is on *human* relations, breaking down barriers between races, cultures, generations, and classes. In keeping with this emphasis the former Black Community Developers program has been renamed Community Developers to include all ethnic minorities. Another FFR-initiated program, it will receive $340,000 if the $1 million goal is achieved. It has attempted to develop strong leadership in black communities by strengthening churches and bringing about social change through church involvement. More than 60 developers worked with churches in projects related to prison reform, economic development, youth services, and other areas. Twelve developers now are preparing for the ministry.

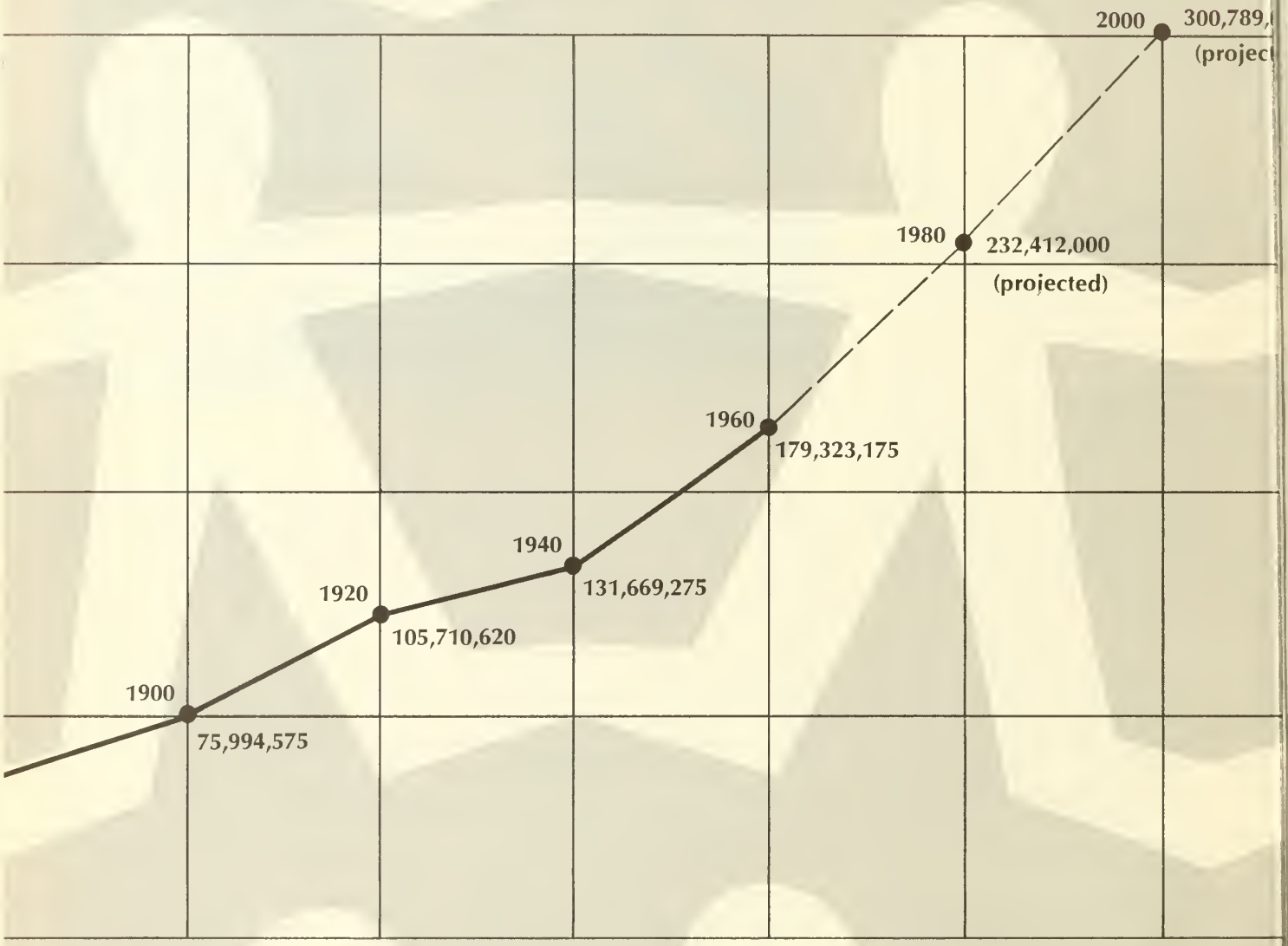
The Police-Community Relations Project attempts to improve relations particularly in minority areas of 16 U.S. cities. Although it has a small budget ($35,000), it already has had an impact on the work of Religious and Community Leaders Concerned (RCLC), a volunteer group formed to prevent crises at the 1972 political conventions in Miami Beach. The project had already established credibility of churchmen with police and federal agencies around the country—thus enabling RCLC to mediate more effectively between police, demonstrators, and residents. Also initiated by the FFR, it will be administered by the Board of Church and Society.

The fourth program to be funded by the Human Relations Day offering is new. The Minority Training Program will serve American Indians, Hispanic-Americans, and Asian-Americans through scholarships and in-service training. Administered by the Board of Higher Education and Ministry, it will receive $250,000 from the new offering. —*Lynda Campo*

Population Stabilization:

How Do We Get There?

By JESSMA BLOCKWICK



WHO SAYS a man can have only one wife, and a wife only one husband? The law says it, of course, and throughout America's history we have accepted this limitation without much question. Yet the one-wife-one-husband pattern is not an immutable law of either nature or religion. From Old Testament patriarchs (monogamy became the standard by New Testament times) to some present-day nations, polygamy has been a socially accepted arrangement. Western society rejected polygamy to protect its basic unit, the family.

It is hard to believe now, but if man's numbers keep growing, conditions could become so bad that people would accept government regulation of the number of children a family could have.

Furthermore, we need to realize that the population crisis confronting the world is not just something "over there" in the teeming nations of Asia and Africa, or South America. It is also right here, and right now, and decisions made today are determining future population practices and policies.

There has, in fact, been a sharp drop in America's birth rate recently. But even if births in America were to drop to replacement level tomorrow, our population would continue to grow for another 50 to 70 years. Since we do not know why it is dropping, we have no guarantee that the birthrate will not skyrocket again.

Unless there is an unforeseen ca-

tastrophe, it is virtually certain that the United States will have 300 million people by the early 2000s. That is 45 percent more people than we have now.

Most Americans are beginning to realize the danger. A survey on population concerns was made at the Middle Atlantic Convocation of United Methodists in 1971, and 80 percent of the 450 people who answered it felt that population growth is indeed a problem in this country right now. Seventy-five percent thought the United States already had enough people.

Some farsighted couples even now are limiting themselves to two children in recognition of the population crisis, but for most Americans there seem to be other motives, perhaps temporary, leading them to have smaller families. Being aware of the population problem does not mean being ready to accept it as a personal responsibility.

Seventy percent of the convocation survey answers put the blame for America's population problems on the poor. Some of the people who answered were even willing to support drastic measures for relieving this.

"I believe we should not have to support illegitimate children of women who know no better. Two is enough. If she has not learned, sterilize," said one.

Another proposed that welfare laws be changed so that women welfare recipients with more than two children would not get as much money. Another went still farther and said flatly that we should stop subsidizing welfare children.

These people were mistaken, however. It is not the poor who contribute most heavily to America's increasing population. In fact, nearly 70 percent of our growth comes from births in white middle and upper-class families. The third and fourth children of middle-class families also have a more disastrous impact on the environment because they drain more of the earth's resources than third and fourth children in poor families.

Actually, middle-class children are subsidized by others just as surely as we subsidize the children of welfare families. Single people and families with no children pay heavily to support the schools, recreational facilities, and special programs that are operated for the children of others. And families with four children get more tax deductions and receive more governmental services than families with two or less.

It is common to hear people say that "a man has the right to have as many children as he can support." Some of the people who responded to the convocation survey said this, too. But concerned Christians would make a good deal more sense saying, "A man has the right to have as many children as the earth can support." Faced by the complexity of the problem, one convocation respondent spoke for a common feeling when he said: "Face up to it [population growth] for it is God's will."

In contrast to such passive acceptance, The United Methodist Church believes in providing action programs that will help produce the changes in public policies and attitudes that will be necessary if society is to affirm the trend to a lower birthrate and embark on positive efforts to stop the population explosion.

What such efforts might include are discussed in the report of the President's Commission on Population Growth and the American Future. This group came up with the basic finding that no substantial benefits will result from the continued growth of our population. The commission believes that gradual population stabilization would contribute significantly to the nation's ability to solve its social and economic problems.

The commission warned that unless America's population growth *is* gradually stopped, individual freedom will be so snarled in a mass of red tape by the year 2020 that any restrictions we complain about today would seem simple. Pressures on resources and the environment would increase, government services would be increasingly strained, providing jobs would be a grim race with numbers.

Release of the presidential commission's report was welcomed by Protestants and Jews. A United Methodist statement urged the President to accept the report in the spirit of encouraging "nationwide attention, honest study, and free debate."

Previously, the 1970 General Conference of The United Methodist Church had called on the church "to underscore the moral necessity of adopting the small-family norm as an essential principle for stabilizing the size of the population and thus protecting the quality of life." Some United Methodist ministers have even argued that it is a sin for United Methodists deliberately to have more than two children.

The Statement of Social Principles adopted at the 1972 General Conference says that "since the present population of the world in the developed and in the developing nations is already taxing the world's supply of food, minerals, and water, we urge an emphasis upon quality of life rather than number of children. We commend those private foundations and international and national agencies that have underwritten research and programs designed to produce a stable population and a balanced ecology. Further, we support the worldwide distribution of reliable contraceptive information and devices, and support those who elect for voluntary sterilization."

The General Conference in 1972 also endorsed population distribution and planning: "Freedom of movement is a cherished value in the American system and is not lightly to be given up or abridged. It is increasingly clear, however, that in a nation of expanding population, planning for population distribution becomes an essential for increasing freedom and meeting human needs."

The statement went on to call upon all levels of government "to cooperate in the development of regional and area planning programs which include ample provision for people participation and which protect the rich and varied cultural heritage of America's people."

These statements embody tremendous changes in society.

A lot of us get some comfort from insisting that yes, we know that change must come, but it can be brought about by voluntary means. We are like the convocation survey respondent who answered the question on whether society has the right to tell a couple how many children they can have by saying, "Yes, in a vague and not too specific way."

But specifics are unavoidable. It is relatively easy to agree on educational programs—so long as they

are not labeled sex education; and on making contraceptives available to everyone—so long as they are married. But nothing so far has shown that these steps will be enough to stem population growth.

Other measures the President's population commission recommended were better contraceptive research and services as a means of halting the high rate of unwanted births, increased opportunities for women in society, and better maternal and child health-care programs.

In all, the commission came up with some 60 recommendations so it is unfortunate that most of the publicity on it dealt with only two of them. One was that states change their laws to make abortion more easily available to women, that there be free abortion services for those in need, and that abortion costs be covered by health insurance. The other dealt with contraceptive services for teen-agers.

The United Methodist Church adopted statements on the issue of abortion both in its 1970 and 1972 General Conferences, urging that the regulation of abortion be removed from the criminal codes and placed under regulations relating to other medical procedures.

A large segment of the religious community has expressed similar views, but the director of the family life division of the United States Catholic Conference has challenged it. Msgr. James T. McHugh has called advocating abortion as a health measure "naïve and punitive" and has urged that it should be treated with "benign neglect." Neither the presidential commission nor The United Methodist Church sees abortion as a means of dealing with the population growth problem, but rather as a human need and health issue.

There are many other possibilities in working to check population growth. For example, the People's Republic of China has had dramatic success in halting its swelling numbers. Contraceptives are used in China, but one of the chief reasons for the diminishing birth rate is strong social pressure against marriage before the age of 25 for women and 28 to 30 for men. Contrast this with median ages for first marriage in the United States in 1970—23.2 for men and 20.8 for women. This means several more years of potential child bearing.

Another thorny question which someday must be faced is that of immigration. We cherish America's role as a haven for the oppressed and a land of opportunity for those seeking a better way of life. But about 20 percent of our present population growth comes from the admission of 400,000 immigrants a year. If we are to stabilize our population, either immigration will have to stop or American couples will have to average less than two children.

Which is more integral to the American tradition—open borders or the right of Americans to reproduce themselves? Even the commission was divided sharply on this one so real public debate will be needed to work it out.

The 1970 General Conference urged the church to "devise education programs that will alert its constituencies and the general public to the fact and nature of the population problem and the dangers it holds for man if left unmet."

The Board of Christian Social Concerns' Department of Population

Not Wanted

By Florence Sippy Bell, R.N.

I WAS very young. Young enough to believe in love and the goodness of life.

On this particular Sunday afternoon I was on the obstetrics ward and in charge of the nursery—30 babies to care for and watch, with the assistance of just one attendant. We had taken the babies to the ward and siderooms for their one o'clock feeding. Now we were busy changing diapers and tucking them in for their after-feeding naps. I had fed the "premie" who was gaining rapidly. The young mother and father had come with her supply of breast milk. They looked at their baby through the nursery glass with love shining in their eyes. Their son would weigh enough to go home in a few days.

As I looked around the nursery with satisfaction because most of the babies were dry and sleeping, the nursery door opened quickly. The senior nurse in charge of the ward told me to go to the delivery room. I looked at her puzzled. Why me? She said there was an emergency and the doctor had asked for me. I hurried down the corridor and into the delivery room.

I sensed the tension there as I scrubbed and put on a gown. The mother was hemorrhaging. They might have to take her to the operating room. An intern held the baby and I saw that it was blue, dark blue, and not breathing. He was suctioning mucus from the infant's trachea between dips in tubs of warm and cold water.

I took the baby, turned it on its abdomen, rubbed the little back, held the little legs high, moved the arms in the water. Then, letting the tiny head hang back over my hand, I breathed slowly with my mouth over the baby's nose and mouth and gently compressed the rib cage.

"Dear God," I prayed, "let this beautiful baby live." Once more I dipped the baby into the cool then the warm water. The blue started to fade. The leg muscles contracted. A feeble cry, another, and then a stronger one. I dried and massaged the baby gently. The tiny toes became pink and now he was crying with strength. Sometime during those moments the doctor said, "Good work, nurse."

"What about the mother, doctor?" I asked.

"Her blood pressure is stabilizing," he said through his mask. After I had put the cord dressing in place and

Problems is deeply involved in this, and elsewhere in the church population/hunger is a priority issue. Curriculum is being planned. Workshops are being held. Church publications are carrying articles on the problem.

But there are other things that can be done in the local church, and this is where it matters most.

We can consider an entirely new approach to Mother's Day and praise women who have never had children but have worked long hours for the children of others.

The church has always been a staunch promoter of the idea that a woman must be a wife and mother to be a success. We know now that this is not true, that it is entirely possible to be a successful woman whether you are married or single, have children or are childless. The church needs to say this aloud and Mother's Day is a good time.

Population experts point out that opening meaningful alternatives for women is one of the socially desirable ways of cutting fertility rates. But the church can hardly urge society to do this until it corrects its own discrimination on the basis of sex. We need to ask how many women in The United Methodist Church head councils of ministries, administrative boards, or boards of trustees; and we need to ask how many women serve as pastors. Too many local churches still relegate women to concerns like planning church suppers.

And there are other things local churches can do. Pastors can use Father's Day to emphasize that fatherhood is not necessarily proof of manhood, and that a man has a moral responsibility to limit his parenthood to two children.

"Singles Sundays" could point up the contributions of the church's unmarried members.

Grandparents need to be reminded that their yearning for more grandchildren can contribute to the baby boom.

People's background in the local church can be put to work in political activity. We need to ask political candidates how they stand on family planning, abortion, sterilization, and population stabilization. Christian citizens should know that Congress is beginning to move in this area, and that letters to senators and representatives still can exert powerful influence on proposed legislation.

The law has not yet told us that we must limit our families, but population policies already raise many questions that are going to be hard to resolve.

Christians need to examine their motives carefully and continuously. Do we advocate family-planning services as a basic human right . . . or as a means to hold down the size of the black population or the number of poor? Do we want better health care as a matter of principle or just to cut welfare costs? When we talk about voluntary measures, are we advocating that all classes and races of people work together to preserve this beautiful earth of God's as a home for man? Or do we really mean to take only those steps that will enable us to hold onto our affluence?

Our answers to these questions and others will decide whether the solutions we advocate for the population crisis will leave future generations a world that is grim beyond all imagining or one in which children may have a life that is rich in enjoyment of God's creation. □

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wrapped the baby, he added, "Take the baby to the nursery, and call the pediatrician to come and check him."

There was a glow of satisfaction in his eyes. It seemed deeper than the usual restrained joy which attended every live birth in the hospital.

No happy father was in the waiting room—only an older lady sitting stiffly in a chair.

"Are you a relative of the Blackburn baby? It's a beautiful boy," I bubbled. "Did you want a boy or a girl?" I glanced at the baby as I lifted the blanket corner. Then I looked up.

The woman's face was flushed with anger. Through stiff lips she replied, "We didn't want a boy or a girl."

Quickly folding the blanket over the baby's face I hurried to the nursery, my Irish temper flaring. I silently whispered to the babe, "You just be the greatest in your field the world has ever known. You are one of God's children."

"Are you O.K.?" the senior nurse was asking. "You look terrible."

"Go call the pediatrician, Elizabeth. Both mother and son are alive." Then I blurted, "But some people don't deserve the love of a little child!"

I tucked the baby boy into the waiting crib. He was sound asleep, his breathing apparently normal. Soon the intern came to look at the baby.

"Did you know they didn't want him?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "Male parent in absentia. Whereabouts unknown. Happens too often, even in the best of families, you know."

I didn't know but I was learning.

Today the baby no one wanted would be 46 years old. I hope he charmed his mother and his grandmother into loving him. I hope he had a fine mind and is using it to capacity. I hope he is serving humanity in a satisfactory way. I hope he has a loving companion and a child of his own that was wanted and is loved. I wonder how many other babies his father fathered.

For many years I have worked with children from broken homes and with unwanted and unloved children. I have learned to feel sorrow for the inadequate parents as well as for the children. They miss so much.

I still believe in love and the goodness of life. I still believe that while we teach the anatomy and physiology of sex, it is possible to teach the understanding of the surge for life. I believe it is possible to teach control and the responsibility of creating a child.

We can, we *must,* impress our young people with the knowledge that the creating and loving and teaching and caring for a new life is the greatest experience in the life cycle of man on our earth.

That I believe is the way the dear God planned it. □

She was a timid housewife, not a demonstrator. Couldn't she just get up and tweak Jerry's sleeve and go home?

Gentle Trouble at Red Bank Crossing

By SUSAN LOWRY RARDIN

IT IS Flag Day, 1972. From my desk I see an occasional wind-lift of our flag, hung for today out the bedroom window. Yet each glance in that direction is interrupted by the sight of a small bronze figure of Jesus which stands on the windowsill, arms spread wide and lifted high.

There is a fascinating lilt in those wide-flung arms of the slender, stylized figure whose head inclines lovingly to one side. Always before I have imagined that the gesture signifies a powerful benediction—yet a light one, too, almost exuberant. But since last Sunday it has taken on an additional meaning for me. It seems to me now that this Jesus has lifted his arms to stop a train.

Last Sunday, by special arrangement, my pastor-husband and I missed the worship service at our small United Methodist church in Philadelphia to join in ecumenical worship on a railroad track near Red Bank, New Jersey. The site is where an ordinary looking pair of tracks slices a modest swath through rural and residential acres toward Sandy Hook Bay. The tracks' terminals are, at one end, the Earle Naval Ammunition Depot and, at the other, the naval pier near Leonardo. Its present purpose is to transport from depot to ships the ammunition used against our declared enemies in Viet Nam, North and South—and, as it happens, against thousands of our other fellow mortals there as well.

Jerry and I have shared miseries of soul about Viet Nam with millions of Americans for several years, and from time to time we have done some small thing or other about it. But we are not among those on whom the inner call to public demonstration is often laid.

The week leading up to last Sunday was particularly rough. Each day's newspaper seemed to surpass the preceding one in painful news. It had been discovered that under a cloak of secrecy a high-ranking American general—since quietly retired—had directed bombing of North Viet Nam in violation of his official orders. A *Newsweek* reporter had obtained overwhelming evidence from many people, including U.S. officials, that American firepower has killed as many as 100,000 civilians in South Viet Nam. And then, in the newspaper and on television, came the pictures of the South Vietnamese children of Trang Bang running terrified and burning from the inferno of American napalm which their own military had dropped on their town by mistake.

So on this quiet June Sunday we decided to make our prayers for peace not from our own loved sanctuary but from a narrow clearing in the New Jersey woods, simply striped by two pairs of shining rails.

We met, perhaps 200 of us, in a church parking lot almost two miles from the clearing. Many had been involved in previous protests near the depot, and as they talked in clusters around the parking lot, I found a warm place to sit on a grassy bank. I was soon lost in thought:

I am not fully comfortable here. Perhaps we should be home at church. Somehow demonstrating seems so abrasive. Is it worth the offense and inconvenience it sometimes causes other people? Really, what good does it do?

Late arrivals greet friends; sheets of instructions are passed around. Several "familiar names" in the peace movement arrive and I study their faces, seen before only in news photographs.

Sometimes responsible public protests do work. A year ago some well-managed, strategic demonstrations effectively interrupted our country's furtive military aid to West Pakistan in that nation's bloody suppression of its eastern counterpart. And in the last few years, vast numbers of Americans—including elected officials—have swung from support of the war in Viet Nam to an expressed conviction that we ought to forego military "victory" there in the name of reason and respect for human life. Demonstrations have been an important part of the expression of such convictions.

But our troops have come home; almost all of them

are out of Viet Nam by now. Isn't the administration trying to end the war soon? Couldn't I, after all, just get up and tweak Jerry's sleeve and go home?

I cannot go home because I know that the war is far from being over, that even as our ground troops come out, our air war has widened enormously, far beyond our capacity to imagine. Things *seem* much more endurable now than before because fewer of our own men are in great danger and because we have perfected means of killing efficiently from a distance, permitting us as never before to avoid knowing what our weapons do.

But the killed and maimed of each day are real people, with names and hopes and families and beautiful, precious bodies of their own. Those terrified, napalmed children in that picture prove it.

Will our government succeed in finding a way to stop all this soon? I don't know. I remember something I have read. The secretary of the Army has said that the present objective of the administration is "to reduce the level of the war to something that the American people will support for a significant period."

Those Vietnamese children in the picture seem to run toward me endlessly—I am here because the automated air war is not something I am willing to support for a significant period of time.

Soon enough the leaders move to the front and our real preparation for the march begins. We are asked not to provoke personally anyone we may encounter on the march—residents of the community, local police, or the Marines responsible for security on the naval base. We will not chant; it tends to become provocative. We will sing instead. We practice a few songs. Our favorite turns out to be "Praise the Lord and *block* the ammunition." It surprises me for a moment that some of the younger people don't know the tune.

A police cruiser moves slowly through the parking lot; the officer seems to be noting license numbers. It is strange to be an object of police suspicion. Probably the officers expect unpleasantness from us—or because of us. Feeling distrust from the police makes me uneasy.

The orientation continues. This action, we are told, will probably confront each of us with a decision about civil disobedience. Probably we will be ordered to leave the tracks. Those who wish—or feel compelled—to move off may do so. Those who wish—or feel compelled—to ignore the order may do so. We talk briefly about arrest, bail procedure, how to conduct ourselves if imprisoned.

Oh, for a tidier world, where different kinds of obedience would not conflict with each other!

Our leader, a tall, quiet Quaker, reminds us of Gandhi's instruction: If, during a protest, violence breaks out and someone comes under attack, disciplined protesters should attempt to block the victim from harm with their own bodies, whether he be protester, observer, or policeman.

Some discipline, this nonviolence! No active self-defense, even! That is not exactly the way we raise our children. Surely many people find it "foolishness." But I am beginning to understand its purpose. The goal is not to defeat your adversary but somehow to address him at a deep level—and, perhaps, to win him over.

It is time to go. We stand and stretch, quiet but eager now. A notice arrives from the police: If we walk in orderly fashion, two by two, obeying traffic signals and keeping to the left of the road, we will be permitted to march. Once we step onto federal property we will be out of police jurisdiction.

Our large wooden standards—a cross and a star of David—are moved to the front of the line. The clergymen are asked to walk there, too. Two are in clerical robes; several others, like Jerry, wear clerical collars. I fall into line with a good friend, a nurse, who wears a small knapsack of emergency medical supplies. Many people carry signs explaining our action. Someone asks me to take the bread to be shared during the worship service.

We wind out of the parking lot onto the country road. The police appear in cars, passing us slowly or waiting at intersections.

What a cool, vibrantly beautiful Sunday! If I were alone out here, I might forget the war . . . .

We move into a residential area—large new houses on spacious lots. We begin to see a few adults. Designated marchers hand out explanatory leaflets to those who will receive them. One couple moves back toward their door as we approach. A marcher inadvertently steps on the edge of their property as we pass. "Get off my land," the man growls.

At the intersections we meet small groups of youngsters on their bikes. They are not obviously either sympathetic or unsympathetic, just waiting and watching, interested. We smile, greet them, tell them briefly why we're doing this. Simply, face to face, without rhetoric. It feels good.

Yes, that's one reason I'm here—the children. These open, young American faces . . . those faces from the newspaper . . . .

People whose homes we pass, policemen who glare, I do not enjoy provoking your resentment. It costs me something to violate your pleasant day. I wish you could know that; it might lessen the distance between us.

From a doorway a man calls out a sexual insult. Why do peaceful protests sometimes evoke that kind of reaction?

One family—mother, father, two children—watches us through their picture window. Handsome, standing together quite still—a breathtaking portrait of which they are unaware. Across the deep lawn we search each other's faces. Suddenly the woman raises her hand in the peace sign. We sign it back exuberantly.

She understands, agrees. Does he? How do they talk with their children about the war? About Earle Depot? Today living symbols of American repentance over Viet Nam have walked right smack down their street. What will they say to each other about that? Whatever their conversation as a result, it will probably be an unusually lively one. Yes, that's another reason I'm doing this.

We have passed the residential section. The roadsides are wilder now. The road curves and slopes down, passing underneath the Garden State Parkway and between tree-topped banks thick with scrubby growth. There is the narrow clearing—and the railroad tracks.

The police who have been cruising near us stop at what must be the beginning of federal property. Across the tracks we can see 30 or 40 Marines and a gray bus. Christians and Jews, we move onto the tracks, clear of the road crossing. Opposite us, the Marines watch. Behind us, the police watch. Several newsmen appear.

Bare hands dig two holes in the railbed of big, loose

stones. The cross and the star of David are planted. People sit on the rails or kneel on the ties—now our bodies have come between American ammunition and Asian children. "The bread," someone calls softly. I hand it forward. I kneel.

Nothing has prepared me for the impact of this place. I thought our action would feel powerfully symbolic; instead it is intensely real. Along this very rail which my hands now grip move countless boxcars of ammunition, bought with my money, destined to kill and mutilate and destroy in my name, against my will. No kneeling bench ever seemed so right a place for my knees. And the cross! Planted between the tracks, its crossbar an imperative stop sign, the cross has never looked so much at home.

An Episcopal minister opens the service. At almost the same moment a Marine major addresses us from the road with a bullhorn: "You are trespassing on federal property. You have five minutes to clear the tracks."

"We are here to pray," the minister says to us. "We can do a lot of praying in five minutes."

Another minister leads us in a litany:

From the evil of this war and the arrogance that causes it,

Lord, deliver us.

From the evil of assured racial superiority that makes us treat people of color as less than human,

Lord, deliver us.

From putting our trust and substance in the weapons and munitions of war, rather than in the service and needs of people,

Lord, deliver us.

That technology may be the servant of life and not the deliverer of death,

Lord, accept our witness.

That in blocking the means of death, we can release the love of life,

Lord, accept our witness . . . .

Readings from Scripture are supposed to follow, but the Marines suddenly fan out in two directions at a run, to flank us, nightsticks in hand. Those on the tracks who have decided to avoid civil disobedience—including me—move off, back up onto nonfederal property. The worship leaders see the Marines coming and indicate that it is time to sing. We roll it out, down the track, up into the sky: "Praise the Lord, and block the ammunition, and we'll all be free!"

Marines run up onto the tracks, behind the last row of worshipers kneeling there. At first they seem rough and we gasp; some people are pulled up by the hair. But an elderly Quaker lady rises like a loving but stern schoolteacher and reminds the Marines that though they may have been trained for riot duty, this is no riot. As they see that no one is resisting, the Marines seem to relax a little and proceed simply to hurry the worshipers one by one off the tracks and up into the gray bus.

There is no time to finish the service; we sing as loudly as we can. As the Marines move toward the makeshift chancel, a clergyman takes the bread, breaks it, and offers pieces to those near him. Jerry had planned to avoid arrest, but there he stands, steadying the tall cross as it blocks those awesome tracks. With the cross in his hands, he cannot bring himself to leave.

The Marines have reached the clergy. The star of David is taken down and thrown over a fence into the woods. Now a Marine takes hold of Jerry, but he and first one then another protester grasp the cross. Together, holding it tightly, they are taken off the tracks. Jerry has one arm around the cross, one around a young black Marine, and I can see the two men patting each other's shoulders understandingly. Then another Marine grabs the cross and pitches it, too, over the fence.

The bus is filling up. Some 50 people have been arrested. One of them—arrested for the first time in his life—is my husband. He is guilty of civil disobedience and of "disturbing the war."

Civil disobedience on behalf of penitence and peace. But what of the disobeying of international law? Or divine law? And what of military disobedience? A general who disobeyed instructions in order to bomb North Viet Nam at his own discretion was not arrested.

A Marine stands opposite me, helping to "guard" our group. His expression is soldierly yet somehow uncertain. I gaze at him, realizing that this is new for him. I respect him. It strikes me how seldom I really stand opposite someone and study him face to face.

Offering people—residents, police, Marines—this kind of challenge, making this sort of gentle trouble in the process of embodying my own conviction, is requiring me to take strangers more seriously than ever before. I want to understand the people I have been opposite here, to guess at some of their feelings. All day I have been unusually conscious of the dignity of each person's spirit. Perhaps it is because I have been in unusually close touch with my own.

The bus pulls off, leaving the rest of us full of feeling, waving them off, still singing. We are back under the jurisdiction of the local police who advise us to move along within five minutes. We spend our minutes in Quaker silence, then pick up our signs and start back toward the church, two by two, walking on the left. One policeman whose instructions we are obeying smiles, nods, says, "Thank you," face to face. It is a new touch, startling but very welcome. We respond with smiles.

Before us lies a long afternoon and evening of trying to find out where those arrested are being detained and when they will be released, wondering about bail, hearings, and fines. But for now as we walk, our spirits rest, drinking in the beauty of the day and the meaning of the morning.

That was three days ago. Now it is Flag Day which our family has observed in the traditional way. Jerry, like the others who were arrested, was released on his own recognizance late that Sunday night. He will return to court for a hearing in a few days and accept whatever penalty must be imposed. We will watch closely the continuing pressure of protest at Earle Depot and perhaps join it again. And wherever we are, we will look more earnestly at people—face to face.

Meanwhile, it seems to us clearer than ever before that each of our days must be played out under the waiting watch of One who lifts his arms to bless, yes, but also, we think, to stop a train. □

HANG ON TO YOUR HUMANITY

By W. H. TYTE

WHAT A TIME we live in! Innumerable conveniences and creature comforts are ours for the asking (or for a small down payment and 12 to 36 easy installments). There is scarcely any material comfort one could wish for that is not already assured.

But this technological age also has deprived us of some wonderful things—enjoyable and refreshing leisure, the development of genuine friendships, love for and appreciation of the out-of-doors, the joy and pride that grow out of craftsmanship and skill. These things seem to have become casualties in the "march of progress."

There is another thing which we seem to be losing fast in this age—our humanity, the capacity to feel and act as human beings who are appreciative of other human beings. Sometimes I think today's characteristic attitude is "three sneers for everyone and three cheers for nothing." Cynicism prevails, society has lost its humanity.

Some of us remember vaudeville. It was like an Ed Sullivan show on the road, only more exciting because the actors were real flesh-and-blood people, rather than mere images on a television screen. Acrobats, tumblers, skaters, and dancers risked their limbs twice a day on most days, four times on Saturdays and Sundays. And all of them, whether artists or hams, gave their all.

I used to watch the spectators' reactions. Some would clap as hard for the mediocre acts as for the good ones. When they clapped hard enough, they could literally turn an old third-rate actor into a star—at least during his encore. The appreciative fans drowned out the cynical silence of the sophisticated critics in those days. Now the sophisticates—I am tempted to say "snobs"—are the most loudly heard.

Why is this an age of snobbishness and of disdain? Why do people refuse to give of themselves warmly in showing appreciation of others? Why are the even stronger emotions of affection and love not only avoided but even feared? One reason for the lack of openness in behavior today is that ours is a technical age. Every phase of life and every field of knowledge has become so specialized that we have lost the magic circle the ancients enjoyed—in which all life and knowledge were of one piece.

We have literally picked life to pieces, and the pieces are so small that we often have difficulty in putting them together again. Such intentional fragmentation is one of the surest ways of losing appreciation and understanding of the whole. Similarly, an overly critical analysis of someone's real achievements may deprive him of appreciation he deserves and needs.

I know a family in which everyone considers himself musically talented—all except one daughter, who neither plays an instrument nor sings. Her family make fearsome critics for they seem to wait for mistakes and appear almost delighted when they occur. They think a musical performance is something to attack instead of something to enjoy. I would bet the unmusical daughter is the only one in the family who actually enjoys music.

Of course it is important to know what truth and beauty are and what they are not. But when others present the best they are and have, we must remember that they are human beings, and they enjoy knowing that

we are conscious of their efforts and their achievements. That is something which the educated elite often forget.

Another reason for the prevalence of disdain is conformity. It is not fashionable in some circles to unbend, to be oneself, and to show the warmth of strong response. Who has not attended a church or social event where the attitude seemed to be one of cold appraisal rather than of inviting concern? Spontaneity is greeted with downright hostile scorn.

Perhaps the biggest reason for the lack of warmth and humanity is that familiar old feeling of insecurity. Somehow when one's own confidence goes awry, feelings of insecurity are taken out on others in strange ways. I have taught freshmen in two colleges. Usually they were good-natured, sweet, and trusting when they arrived on the campus. They wanted to be liked and wanted to like others. Some of them, even when knocked about a bit by predatory upperclassmen, continued to show their humanity and remained outgoing and appreciative of others. But others, their confidence in themselves as persons badly damaged, underwent a sad change. Their warm human blood turned into ice water. They froze in critical and unappreciative attitudes toward others.

In spite of the mode of the day of refusing to show deep emotions of caring and appreciation, we unconsciously and instinctively know such feelings are the highest reactions of man. When a rough-and-tumble, 200-pound football player breaks down and shows deep feeling for an injured teammate, it is with approval and wonder that we say, "Why, he's just an old softie!"

Whom do we remember with the strongest affection? Isn't it the person who gives himself to us—who is concerned enough for us to do so, who appreciates us enough to do something about it?

My mind goes back to one of my high-school teachers, whom we kids thought was a terror. She returned one theme after another coated with red pencil marks. Our verdict: "She has it in for us." The truth was that she cared for us and gave us hours and hours of her time in grading and rechecking those themes. She died soon after I finished college. Now I wish I could let her know how grateful I am today because I realize that she was concerned for her students and wanted to help them.

Our humanity is one of our most priceless gifts. And when it is time to extend love and deep feeling to others, we should not be afraid of being hurt. The risk is great for to love others is sometimes to be hurt—but we have to take the risk. If we do not take the risk, we will lose our humanity and become cold and indifferent.

The person who shows genuine caring for others is the one who will grieve most deeply when hurt, but he will be able to go back to giving of himself to others because he will have experienced the therapy of grief. The disdainful, aloof person can't grieve because he has become the mask that he wears. There is little relief for him.

Psychology, sociology, and all the other sciences that study the nature of man have learned that there is a demand for love at the heart of all human relationships. It is the basis of everything in man's activity that is endurable and worthwhile. So—if you are feeling cynical and hypercritical, don't be too quick to discard your humanity. Hold on to it! □

Together's 1973 Calendar-Pictorial

THE SEASONS

"For everything there is a season, . . ."
—Ecclesiastes 3:1

✣ In much of the Temperate Zone of our Northern Hemisphere, we take for granted the gradual, rhythmic changes of climate we call the four seasons. We expect these man-made divisions of the calendar year to bring us the new life of spring, the blaze of summer, the gold of autumn, and the cold of winter. In one way or another, these seasonal shifts—sometimes early, sometimes late—affect all of us, along with most plants and animals which abide by their own God-given biological calendars. The *1973 Calendar-Pictorial* which begins on the facing page features some of our favorite pictures from past *Together* pictorials along with thoughtful quotations which attempt to reflect in a reverent way the wonder, the beauty and the pageantry of our seasons. If you wish to remove the calendar pages for year-round display and reference, you may do this by separating the staples and, after detaching the color section, pressing them together again so that the rest of the magazine will not fall apart. We hope you will find the 1973 Calendar not only appealing to the eye but a source of inspiration during the coming year. With it go our best wishes and prayers for all seasons to come.

—Your Editors

Nature is full of genius, full of the divinity, so that not a snowflake escapes its fashioning hand. Nothing is cheap and coarse, neither dewdrops nor snowflakes.—Thoreau

JANUARY 1973

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

FEBRUARY 1973

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

MARCH 1973

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

APRIL 1973

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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MAY 1973

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

JUNE 1973

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

There is something in the softness of the air, in the lengthening of the days, in the very sounds and odors of the sweet time, that caresses us and consoles us after the rigorous weeks of winter.—Hamerton

JULY 1973

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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29	30	31				

AUGUST 1973

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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SEPTEMBER 1973

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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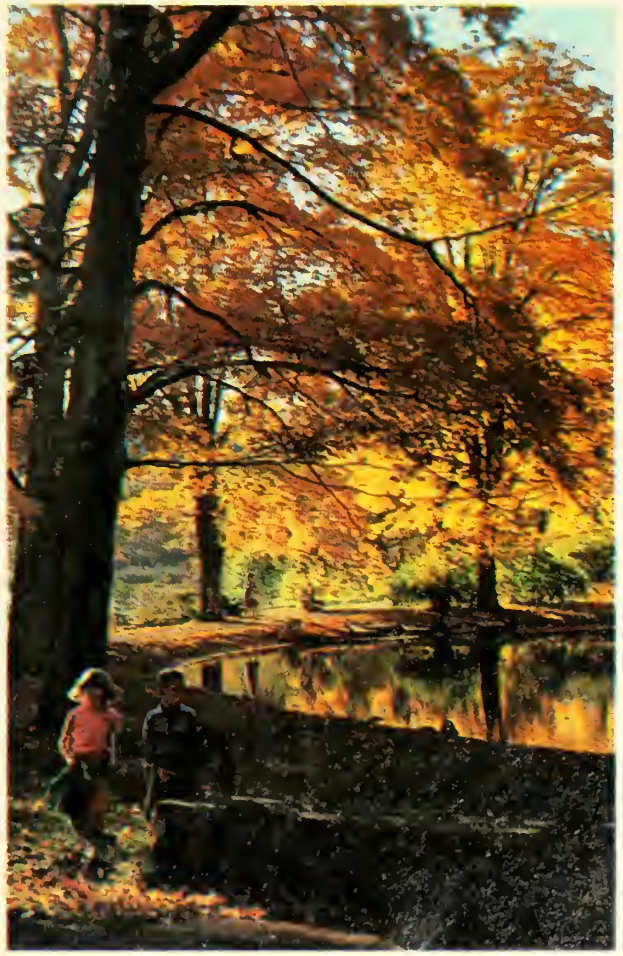
23/30	24	25	26	27	28	29

Powerful as he is, man cannot divert the hurricane or temper the blast of a lightning bolt, let alone alter the orbit of the least star in the heavens. All around him every day of his life play the eternal forces of the universe, to be watched in awe and wonder.—Borland



OCTOBER 1973

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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NOVEMBER 1973

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17
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DECEMBER 1973

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
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3/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	29

Lucky, lucky, Earthlings, who have those freshening seas, whose mountains are capped in glory and sculptured with the gentle rain from heaven, whose vegetable life grows so tall, forever breathing the precious gases that its animals require. There, surely, they have made an end of misery, abolished sin, achieved mercy and brotherhood of Mankind.—Peattie

Please Don't Call Him 'Janitor'

CALL HIM the church "janitor" if you want to raise my hackles a bit. Yes, he mops the floors and dusts. He also waxes floors and cleans windows; he washes walls, tables, chairs. He picks up tons of paper from the church grounds, cares for the lawn, sweeps the walks, puts out the garbage. He shovels snow on our windy corner.

During a typical year, he handles and arranges close to 1,000 tables and 10,000 chairs. He sees that the baptismal font is in place (with water). Once a month he removes the kneeling cushions from storage, carries Communion trays and flower-filled vases up and down stairs. He removes from storage, helps to place, aids in taking down, and stores again Christmas decorations, stage curtains, special tables, banners, projectors, and screens. At weddings, he straightens the brides' trains!

He's a painter, mechanic, and electrician of sorts. He has returned to service the "beyond repair" vacuum cleaner; he has made minor oil-burner repairs and advises servicemen of other breakdowns.

He waits—and waits—for deliverymen, for workmen, for piano tuners. Sometimes he waits for a meeting which someone forgot to tell him was canceled. He opens the church for worship and most of the meetings. More often than not he is the last man out.

He does the odd jobs that belong to others, removes old bulletins, straightens hymnbooks in their racks, washes dishes left undone. He helps the young church school secretary with her records. He produces on request pencils, scratch paper, straight pins, bobby pins, paper clips, thumbtacks, Scotch tape, scissors, and the miscellaneous items others call for. He also maintains the "lost and found" department.

He uses his own car on church errands. He orders some supplies, borrows detergents and scouring powder from the family supply and forgets to put in a bill. He runs to the store for milk, fills and handles the big coffee urn. He even peels potatoes and carves meat.

He listens to complaints—it's either too hot or too cold; too light or too dark; not airy enough or too drafty. He probably knows the minister and members of the congregation better than anyone else. And he's still serving! You call him "janitor"? Please, call him sexton or caretaker. I do. He's my husband!

—Ruth L. Wixon

Head of Christ by Rembrandt

The Confident Christ

By D. P. SMOTHERMAN
Pastor, Muir's Chapel United Methodist Church
Greensboro, North Carolina

In those days Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee and was baptized by John in the Jordan. . . . The Spirit immediately drove him out into the wilderness. And he was in the wilderness forty days, tempted by Satan; and he was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered to him. Now after John was arrested, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of God, and saying, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent, and believe in the gospel." —Mark 1:9, 12-15

DR. MAXWELL MALTZ, a widely known plastic surgeon, has said: "At least 95 percent of the people have their lives blighted by feelings of inferiority to some extent, and to millions that same feeling of inferiority is a serious handicap to success and happiness."

The doctor's statement gives us at least one clue to why there is so much alcoholism and drug addiction. People are somehow trying to blot out the haunted feeling of not being able to cope with their life situation. Many of the physical diseases which afflict us are no doubt symptoms of inadequacy and inferiority. People have been bottled up with fear so long it has made them physically sick.

Add to that the millions of people who have been hampered all their lives just because they could not realize that they were as good as other people and worth just as much as anybody else. People who are prisoners of themselves seldom accept a place of leadership. Many turn down promotions which they deserve because they are afraid of responsibility, afraid their inadequacy will show. Even in the church, among Christian brothers, competent people are sometimes fearful of responsibility.

One of the things about Jesus that stands out most was his confidence. It is particularly evident in the Gospel of Mark which is probably our most accurate picture of him. In the first chapter he is baptized and immediately begins to call men to the kingdom of God. He confronts the religious and political authorities of his time and still remains confident and calm enough to heal a cripple.

Jesus was not only confident and self-assured, he also inspired his friends to practice self-reliance. He called some simple fishermen, a tax collector, and other diverse types of men to follow him and immediately began turning part of the responsibility over to them. They had hardly begun to learn his philosophy when he sent them out to teach others. And they accepted the challenge.

He took a faltering, unstable, immature, fishing-boat captain, and suddenly, before his peers, exclaimed, "You are a rock and upon this rock I will build my church." This rolling pebble became the stone that held the church together during those tumultuous days following the Resurrection and Pentecost. Wherever people have been willing to accept Jesus and his way of life, they have found that he gives to them humble self-reliance, confidence, and assurance. Let's look at his life and see where he got his confidence.

First, Jesus began his ministry with a period of self-discovery. The Gospels record for us the temptations he confronted. As Matthew tells it, "Jesus was guided by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil."

We always see the term *temptation* as an invitation to do something wrong, and that is a part of it, but the biblical writers understood it as a time of testing and trial. It offered an opportunity to be strengthened—to learn something and to gain from the experience.

It is not likely that this was the first and only time Jesus was challenged to look within himself to confront himself. We know this from his attitude at age 12 and from his understanding of people in his adult life.

No person can ever become a stable, confident, mature human being until he is willing to take the time to think

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about his life, how he got where he is, and the factors that molded him. This is never easy. It was so demanding and involved that the Scriptures tell us Jesus was alone 40 days to fully evaluate himself. Every person needs to arrive at his moment of truth—the time when all the pretense and phoniness are drained away. This is not misery for the sake of misery. It is part of maturing.

There are three aspects of self-discovery. One element we are sure to find is evil. The only problem is that we usually stop with the sinful acts we have committed. We also need to discover what motivated us to commit them. This is what Jesus was primarily interested in. He pointed out that anger and murder spring from the same seeds and that adultery is the result of lust. His times in the wilderness must have involved his getting to know the forces that were at work within his own soul.

Self-discovery also involves our facing the good that is within us. This we often overlook. Dr. Earl A. Loomis, a psychiatrist, suggests that "the reason we refuse to search for our inner being is that we shall find something good. Americans fear good. This is not easy to believe." He says that because we have emphasized success so much, we have made those who do not succeed feel they are inferior. Many men born in log cabins did not become president, and a lot of paper boys did not grow up to own the publishing company.

Many of them had just as much talent as those who did. But, says Dr. Loomis, "They hid their goodness from themselves. Time after time doctors, in caring for unhappy and unfulfilled people, discover that the patients were not deficient in potential but had concealed their potential from themselves. Instead of working to full capacity, these people behaved as though they were inferior, stupid, or unappealing. A child who fears he will not be liked never finds out how likable he could be. A young girl who believes she is so unattractive she will never have a date actually contributes, by worry, to the poor appearance that fulfills her fears."

Hypocrisy usually means that a person professes more than he is willing to live up to. But it may also mean that a person is living far below his abilities because he concentrates too much on the negatives. This was the point of the parable of the talents. The one-talent man was afraid to put it to work. We often refuse to recognize our assets because we fear using them.

The third area of self-discovery is learning to appreciate ourselves as persons. Jesus looked at people and trusted them to the extent that they accepted themselves. The message he tried to get across to his followers was: "Not even one sparrow falls to the ground unless my Father knows it, and you are of much more value than many sparrows. You are so important to him that he knows how many hairs there are on your head." God loves you.

We judge ourselves by other people, but God judges us only against ourselves. He did not make you to be like anybody else, nor to do something just because others do it. He made you to be you!

All of us are inferior in some areas. I could never play baseball like Mickey Mantle, though I would like to. You may never be like somebody else. But you are you. You are not inferior—you are not superior—you are you. And that is all God made you to be. So get to know yourself. You are the best friend you have—or should be.

Second, Jesus was willing to admit that he needed other people. He opened himself to people and took the chance of being refused. Soon after he began his ministry he called four men to follow him and these men became his closest friends.

He asked the adulterous woman to give him a drink of water when he could have gotten his own. He was saying to the woman, who must have despised herself, "I need you, I accept you, I put myself at your mercy." How the world could be changed if we could turn loose enough to say, "I like you . . . I appreciate your friendship . . . I want to be your friend!"

Third, Jesus learned to confront and accept criticism and not let it destroy him. Mark shows us that in spite of the good Jesus was doing and the miracles he was performing, he still had to endure harsh, unfounded criticism. The Pharisees were jealous of him, envious of the following he had, and they set out to destroy him. They accused him of blasphemy, saying he was the son of the devil, while others charged that he was insane.

Jesus did not enjoy this criticism. It bothered him. He tried to counter it and when that failed, he learned to live with it. No one likes to be criticized and for those who feel incompetent and insecure, criticism is often magnified. If we are afraid of leadership in the beginning, criticism often freezes us altogether. When it does, those who criticize us have won. Jesus never allowed his foes to do that. He learned to accept himself and the job he wanted to do and went ahead with it. He realized that he had a higher responsibility to God and himself. And so it is with each of us. We have been created to live our own lives and that is what we must do in spite of criticism.

Abraham Lincoln was a master at coping with criticism. When he was president, he sent a letter by a messenger to the secretary of war. In a few minutes the messenger returned to the White House visibly upset. The president asked, "Did you give the message to Stanton?" The other man nodded, too angry for words. "What did he do?"

"He tore it up," exclaimed the outraged messenger, "and what's more, sir, he said you are a fool."

"Did Stanton call me that?" the president asked.

"He did, sir."

"Well," said Lincoln with a dry laugh, "I reckon it must be true then, because Stanton is generally right."

In order to live happily and satisfactorily, we must learn from criticism, but not let it destroy or hamper us until we cannot function properly or do the things we choose.

Fourth, Jesus reaped confidence because he committed the uncertainties of his life to God. He wrestled with life, faced criticism, and endured hardship. He accepted the responsibility to keep his own faith alive.

A person is not born with faith. He learns to practice it. He accepts the truth and then begins to apply it to his own life. When learning to drive an automobile, we are taught to put the key in the ignition, turn it, and the starter gets the motor going. We may be cautious or afraid and at first the car jerks. We may even kill the motor. But we keep on trying.

This is the life of faith. We may not make it the first time, but as we keep trying, we discover that God alone can give us the confidence and courage to meet life's uncertainties as they come to us. □

The Old Man and th

MAYBE the huge oak and pine woods did give off an eerie, scowling silence. After all, they had been here long before the road was built.

The black asphalt ribbon ran up one hill and down the next, a straight, seldom-traveled tunnel through the Big Thicket's domain—the engineering law for the shortest distance between Silsbee and Woodville, Texas.

A road of isolation. No fellow travelers. You are alone. No houses. No stores. No passing autos.

I never removed my eyes from the road except to take occasional looks westward where a persimmon-colored sun slung darkening tree shadows across the asphalt.

Having just passed a little gas station, I knew the next stretch was to be a long, desolate gap of nothing but trees and creeks. A rocked 'n' rolled rendition of *Blue Velvet* came on the radio and I wished I were home or in a crowd—anywhere but this dark road, alone.

At first it looked like a misplaced signpost ahead. I pushed on the bright lights just in time to notice the figure of a man walking along the roadside. I slammed on the brakes.

He lit a match and brought it to his pipe, lighting up

rmadillo

By STAN CRAWFORD

a craggy, wrinkled, stubby white-whiskered face. His eyes and cheeks were darkened shadows and his lips were two thin lines in a tight clutch on his glowing corncob pipe.

"Howdy," the old man said, looking through the window. "I'd done figured I'd be footin' it all night."

"Would you like a ride?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I wouldn't mind that at all."

The rock music seemed out of place now so I turned off the radio as the old man tried to get situated in the low slung seat. He resumed the conversation:

"Headin' to Houston?"

"No sir, Conroe. That's where I live."

"That's good. Conroe's a good place."

Then for a long while we didn't talk. Just two strangers in the night. Finally I asked him how far he was going.

"Honey Springs." Pause. "Well, just a mite beyond there; about a mile past Sapps' place, but they're gone to bed by now so you'd never notice their place anyways."

"How did you get way out here?"

"I went to church at Shiloh Ridge today."

"Wasn't there anyone you could ride home with?"

"Yep. But I wanted to stay and visit with folks. Anyways, I walk the road all the time. It's as good as just sittin'."

"Are you married?" I wondered about his family worrying.

"Not no more. I was once. When I was 16. Married for 24 years. Good years them were. She died and I got married again. Over 30 years the second wife and me were together. She died, my second wife, last August 22. Now there's just me. The kids are all growed up and gone and busy. You ain't married?"

"No, not yet." I fibbed to keep from having to go into my life when I could be hearing about his.

"You should get married. It makes life more tolerable. It's bewilderin' enough facin' it by yourself. A partner kinda helps you almost understand things sometimes."

"I think I understand everything fairly well," I quickly replied, offended at his offhanded dig at my intelligence.

"Well, you're smarter than most. I been at it 70 years, this business of livin', and I don't understand in the least what's it all about. What we was all put here for in the first place was somethin' I never could get real clear," his words deflected by the chomped-at pipe stem.

I suddenly recalled an English theme I had written years ago on *What Is Truth and Existence?* from which I received praises for my perception, and I smiled to myself at my brilliance.

"There ain't nothin' clear in this world and only a damn fool pretends to understand anything," chuckled the old man, and I quit smiling.

"You say you were married twice?"

"Yes sir. With the lovin' help of them two good women, God rest their sweet, righteous souls, I got five boys and three girls raised and growed up and on their own. Them were mighty good women. Jewell and Sarah, my two wives. There ain't nothin' better for a man than a good woman. A wife that will work with you and share your troubles and joys. I use to thank God in my prayers for my woman. Buried over at Chapel Hill. My plot's between both of 'em. Sure hope the good Lord above allows for taking of two wives 'cause when I get up there with them I sure ain't gonna be able to choose one as to the other."

At first it was just a black dot in the road. Then I could tell it was an armadillo. Too late. There was a loud thump under the right wheel. I thought of the mess that would be on the car.

"Say, son, could you stop the car for a minute?" He looked over at me and the dim reflection from the dash lights across his beard gave me the strange feeling of having seen that face, that look somewhere, many times before.

"What's the matter?"

"We should check on that armadillo. He may be sufferin'."

"What does it matter? It's just an armadillo."

"It matters," he said firmly.

I waited in the car until he came back from checking on the animal. "Was he dead?"

"Deader'n a doornail," he said calmly.

We moved through the darkened landscape in silence for several more miles, and I couldn't get it out of my mind—the fact I hadn't even thought to stop and see about the armadillo. To me a wounded, suffering animal was nothing. To the old man it was the most important thing at that one moment in time. It showed a difference in life-styles, and it made me sick because years ago when I was young I would have reacted the same way as the old man had about a wounded animal. But now I had lost that childhood reverence for all living things. I had entered the cold, calculating materialism of adulthood.

"That's my stop," said the old man as we neared a sharp curve. "Look at old Blue Boy in the road just waitin' for me." He laughed with ease as the old dog took his time about getting up and out of the road. The old man got out slowly and the dog was jumping all over him and whining. "Thanks for the lift, Son."

"Yes sir, glad to have you."

He shut the door and then leaned back into the car and whispered. "Don't worry about what happened back there, Son. One good thing about bein' young—there'll always be another armadillo in your life. You'll get another chance.

"But don't forget, someday in your life there won't be no more armadillos to help for you will be old and sick and tired and turned out by your family to die alone with your memories.

"Then you will cry and pray for salvation for in the end we're all wounded armadillos." □

Quantity X

IN THE check-out line at the market recently I saw that the revolving loading table held only a cantaloupe and a can of beets. I had a heaping cart and wanted to start unloading. So I put down a dividing bar, pushing the cantaloupe closer to the can of beets.

"Just don't get shovey, sister!" the woman in front of me suddenly snapped.

It was a hot, muggy afternoon, and this triggered me off, giving me something to be righteously indignant about. I felt perfectly justified to blurt back: "I don't think I'll hurt your cantaloupe by pushing it a little!"

That ended the petty exchange. I kept unloading. But after paying her bill the woman turned abruptly and put an arm around my shoulders. "I'm sorry I was snappy," she said. "I'm so worried about my mother—she just went to the hospital." Then she turned and was gone.

I was left in a state of embarrassment at not restraining myself. All the way home I thought about this uncomfortable experience. I worried about the woman's mother right along with her. I also remembered various other little ill-natured snips and snaps from random individuals which had so surprised me at the time.

Now, because this woman's conscience had made her humble herself to a public apology and explanation, I wondered what kind of unhappiness had caused the others to behave that way. And I made a mental note to try to be more tolerant of little affronts and to resist giving as good (or as bad) as I get—by trying to imagine what unhappy "Quantity X" in the other person's life motivated it.

—Kay Haugaard

Say It!

Our editors may or may not agree with opinions expressed, but they believe in your right to Say It! *And that is what this new department is for. Does an idea of yours need saying? Send it to* Say It! *1661 N. Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068*

After 55 years in the Methodist Church I have resigned. My conscience will no longer allow me to be listed with Christians who approve of the war.

I realize that the national church disapproves of the war. I have read it two or three times in the national press in the past ten years! But you surely make little effort to inform the average Methodist. If you really wanted to stop the war, you would send your best speakers to the flag-above-God churches and explain the horrendous wickedness of this war. You never urge your parishioners to write their legislators to vote against the war, but you do tell them to write against Sunday opening of grocery stores and restaurants serving cocktails on Sunday. How many Methodist young people know that their church would support a conscientious objector?

In my opinion The United Methodist Church is more interested in keeping or increasing its membership than in the good of mankind. I believe the Lord's judgment will be harsh on "Christians" who approve of the killing.

Margaret Smets
Philipsburg, Pa.

Television is attacked for its hypnotizing, conformity-inducing trivia, while its ability to sensitize a whole society to the human suffering of inhuman war crimes goes unnoticed.

Robert M. Veatch
From *Hastings Center Report*

Our world never would have heard of John Wesley, Oxford graduate, fellow of Lincoln College, and the world's greatest Protestant, if his heart had not been strangely warmed at Aldersgate. His preaching of the conversion of individuals and the social gospel resulted in the greatest evangelical revival and social reformation the world has known since the days of the apostles.

The failure of *Together* and our ministers to teach and preach the new birth and feed the hungry flock with spiritual food has been the two chief causes of the decline in subscriptions and church membership.

Preaching the social gospel without the warm heart bears little fruit compared with Wesley's emphasis on both. An automobile can be perfect, but without a spark from the battery the car will not run.

The greatest need of *Together* and The United Methodist Church is to have that spark of fire. The Bible places loving the Lord with the heart before loving him with your mind.

J. A. Earl, *Retired Minister*
Huntington, W. Va.

It is important for church members to remember that we are still learning how to be Christian in a needy and sinful world. The teachings of Jesus guide us, but learning to apply these teachings to each situation comes only by trial and error. To allow nationals to determine their own destiny has taken years to learn. To permit a country to keep its culture rather than adopt ours and still be considered Christian, we are only now beginning to accept. To give our money in faith that other Christians will use it wisely is something some have not yet learned.

Donald E. Struchen
United Methodist
Board of Global Ministries

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PEOPLE

She was abandoned by her parents, passed from relative to relative, forced to leave school in the sixth grade. From that environment, which could have turned her to hate, Arnette Thelma Giles grew up with a love for life and the living that has lasted her 72 years.

"I vowed as a child that when I grew up I would try to gather up all the little children who needed help and who needed understanding and do what I could for them —to keep them from suffering the things that I suffered," Mrs. Giles explains matter-of-factly.

Mrs. Giles has spent her life on Mississippi's Gulf Coast. With her husband Charles, a United Methodist pastor, she has raised 41 abandoned and neglected children in their 50 years of marriage. She works as a teacher's aide at the Hancock (County) School for the Retarded, providing transportation for seven students who otherwise would not be able to attend.

Mrs. Giles is sensitive to needs of the elderly, too. She daily visits those who live literally on the edge of starvation on the back roads of Pearlington, her hometown. She cheers them up, takes them to the doctor, brings them cooked food when she can.

Mrs. Giles took her high-school equivalency test when she was 68—and received the highest mark in her class of 40. The Lord saw her through, she explains. Now she is taking night classes in special education at a community college 50 miles from home so that "I can learn better how to help the children."

Last year Mrs. Giles was named the outstanding volunteer of the year by the National Center for Voluntary Action for her lifelong devotion to others. In special ceremonies at Washington, D.C., she received a plaque from President Nixon and a $5,000 award which she hoped to use either for the school or for some child with special needs. □

ARNETTE THELMA GILES
She kept a childhood vow.

JAMES M. EASON
He knows Santa's number.

On December 23, some 4,000 youngsters in Hampton, Va., will receive a telephone call from Santa Claus, thanks to James M. Eason. The seven-year-old Santa Call program, only one of a number of innovative things Mr. Eason inaugurated as head of Hampton's recreation department, is understandably very popular with the small fry.

Earlier this month Mr. Eason and others visited nearly 300 first-grade and kindergarten classrooms to find who wanted to receive a call from the North Pole before Christmas. Parents then filled out special forms containing vital information for Santa—names, ages, what the parents have planned for their children's Christmas, and any advice they wish Santa would give their youngsters.

On December 23, about 150 "long distance operators" (PTA volunteers) will place person-to-person calls, and then "Santa" (about 150 male volunteers, most of them members of Peninsula District United Methodist churches) will visit with the children.

Although he again directed this year's Santa Call operation, Mr. Eason retired last June as recreation director of his city. He has received numerous awards for his work, is active in Hampton's First United Methodist Church, and authored a book and numerous articles. But what he is most proud of, he confides, are his own two granddaughters. □

HOMER E. ROOT
From pulpit to archaeology pits.

When Homer E. Root hung up his clerical robe for the last time in 1953, after a lifetime as a Methodist pastor, he did not look around for a rocking chair. Instead he literally dug deeper into Southwestern history.

Mr. Root's lifelong interest in archaeology became active in 1930 when he was transferred to Durango, Colo., from Utah. He took church young people on an arrowhead-hunting trip to an area called the Blue Mesa—and realized that there was much more to dig for than arrowheads. Subsequent digs proved him right. He found Basket Maker sites dating from approximately A.D. 300 to 700.

Shortly after retiring from the ministry, Pastor Root decided that Fort Lewis College in Durango should have a museum. Accompanied by a student, he went to a likely Basket Maker site with shovels and buckets, dug a trench, and hit pay dirt. Afterward, Mr. Root persuaded college officials to visit the site. They were impressed and the museum was born. The retired minister was named curator, a position he held until 1970.

Today the college has a valuable collection of items reflecting the Southwest's archaeological riches, many of them found by Mr. Root himself. But the record of its collection may be even more valuable. In five ordinary ledgers Mr. Root recorded each museum piece in a stylized printing script done by hand, and in detailed, vividly colored oil paintings. The records also list donor, date received, and so on—standard procedure for a museum's permanent accession file.

It also contains personal comments by Mr. Root and, occasionally, illustrated digressions into fantasy and fable about his beloved Basket Makers.

In 1970 the college needed space for other things so its archaeology collection now is scattered throughout Durango and in numerous college buildings, awaiting establishment of a permanent museum.

Pastor Root, meanwhile, has retired with his wife Wilma to a cozy mountain home outside Durango. □

Letters

CHURCHES LATE IN ATTENTION TO PRISONS

Congratulations on your outstanding series of articles *What Hope for the American Criminal?* [November, 1972, pages 20-28].

I am chairman of a local group in our county that is working for correctional reform, and I'm also on a committee working for improvement of our state penal system. I am appalled that Jaycees, League of Women Voters, and groups of the legal and medical professions are in the forefront of this movement—with the churches just beginning to mobilize. You have provided a vital service in directing the attention of United Methodists to this issue.

R. C. HARDER, *Lt. Col. U.S. Army, Medical Service Corps*
Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

DON'T CONDEMN HUNTERS TOO HASTILY

I write concerning *The Day I Stopped Hunting* [October, 1972, page 40]. For the last couple of years certain groups have gone all out to make hunters look bad in an effort to have all hunting and trapping outlawed. That effort is unjustified.

Hunters are law-abiding citizens like you and me. They know a great deal about the wildlife of this great country and do not shoot animals of endangered species.

Every year hunters contribute millions of dollars through fees on licenses and tags. This money is used for the conservation of all wildlife. The whooping crane was near extinction in 1938 with only 18 birds left. Through the concentrated efforts of governmental conservation agencies that bird population had risen to 80 by 1971. Without the assistance of funds raised by hunters, this and many other species would have disappeared or been depleted as man has continued to destroy natural habitats in the name of progress and industry.

Let us not be too hasty to accuse hunters of wrongdoing. What group of people has done more to save rather than to destroy our wildlife?

MRS. SUSAN MYERS
Vallejo, Calif.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS: AWFUL

While in the waiting room of Rochester Methodist Hospital, I read your October issue. This is to commend you for *The Day I Stopped Hunting*. Cruelty to animals is so awful and anyone helping against it is to be praised.

MRS. F. WOOLEY
Lawton, Okla.

BEASTS SHARED MAN'S DAY OF CREATION

The color pictorial *The Seven Days of Creation* [November, 1972, page 2] seems to imply a common misconception that a separate day was set aside for man's creation.

Genesis 1:20-31 specifically states that the fish of the sea and the birds of the air were created on the fifth day. Cattle, creeping things, beasts of the earth, and finally man were all created on the sixth day. This is a remarkably scientific insight for a primitive people, fitting well with evolutionary theories, given the interpretation of "day" as in 2 Peter 3:8 and Psalm 90:4.

MRS. THELMA HORNE
Tampa, Fla.

CHURCH MUST RESPOND

It was indeed a pleasure to read *Weighing the Issues of Campaign '72* [November, 1972, page 6] and the quotation of what John Wesley told his followers in 1747.

I have been a Methodist for over 60 years and know the need for the church to be responsive to the need for truth and justice. We must act to save our heritage and worth as our history has endowed us with the opportunity to learn and know the truth.

ALFRED D. DEDAKER
Collegeville, Pa.

SUICIDE A CRIME? RIDICULOUS!

Your authors, Shirley Motter Linde and Dr. William H. Wehrmacher, say in *Suicide, Why?* [October, 1972, page 26] that "a few states list suicide as a crime." That's ridiculous! Suicide is the intentional taking of one's own life. If suicide is accomplished, what was once a living person has now become a corpse. And just how can a state prosecute a corpse? How did your editor let that slip by?

I understand that attempted suicide may still be a crime in those benighted jurisdictions where punishment is meted out instead of compassion and help being offered. And of course most jurisdictions punish those who abet or encourage others to suicide. But suicide itself a crime? Impossible; for once a corpse, always a corpse.

THEODORE H. KENWORTH, *Attorney*
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ridiculous, we agree. Even so, at least eight states still find suicide "illegal, constituting a misdemeanor or a felony." The same was true in Great Britain until 1961. Prosecution obviously would be possible only in cases of attempted suicide, and that is rare even in those states.

—Your Editors

SUICIDE WRITERS LACKED COMPASSION

I am writing in regard to *Suicide, Why?*

To condone suicide would be the greatest possible mistake. But to condemn, to shame, to stigmatize the person or his family, to call it a crime is inhuman. Is one punished, or his family, if he dies from pneumonia, cancer, obesity, or some physical situation over which he might have had control?

Freud expressed the thought that if it crosses one's mind that life is utterly unbearable, that person is sick.

I wonder if either of the writers of your article has lived with the deepest sorrow and sharpest grief that one can imagine! One's pity and love for the sick loved

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

ıne is as deep as the ocean.

Some of the most searching words ın this subject were written by he famous country preacher Arthur lewitt in his book *The Old Brick Manse*, which is obtainable from Capitol Stationers Store, Barre, Vt.)5641. An excellent, informative, ompassionate text for the layman s *Identifying Suicide Potential*, :dited by Anderson and McClean ınd published by Behavioral 'ublications, 2852 Broadway, Jew York, N.Y. 10025.

How many broken hearts are iiding behind closed doors because hey do not understand that their oved one was sick, not a criminal.

Last year a minister took his ife. One person said, "Where was iis faith?" Dear Lord, where vas sulfa when all those people lied from appendicitis years ago?

AGNES E. WILLARD
Mount Holly Springs, Pa.

CHWEITZER SAID IT: CHILDREN NEED WORSHIP

Relevant to the Hodgson-White owwow, *Should Worship Be a Family Affair?* [November, 1972, page 14], is this quote from Albert Schweitzer's *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth:*

"From the services in which I oined as a child I have taken with ne into life a feeling for what is olemn, and a need for quiet and elf-collection, without which I annot realize the meaning of my ife. I cannot, therefore, support the pinion of those who would not et children take part in grown-up eople's services till they to some xtent understand them. The mportant thing is not that they shall nderstand, but that they shall feel omething of what is serious and olemn. The fact that the child ees his elders full of devotion, and as to feel something of their devotion himself, that is what gives he service its meaning for him."

GEORGE G. HILL, *Pastor*
East Avenue United Methodist Church
Norwalk, Conn.

MUSIC AN ACHIEVEMENT FOR SPECIAL CHILDREN

The pictorial article *Iowa's Mr. Music Man* [October, 1972, page 4], interested me a great deal. I realize the potential of these youngsters for I taught special education classes in California public schools for many years. Much of my teaching was with rhythm bands and choral singing. How happy the children were when they could perform for assemblies or Christmas programs! They knew that they were achieving and were proud of their accomplishments.

I am happy that the retarded are finally being given their rightful place in society. For too long they have been rejected.

MRS. C. J. WOOD
Magalia, Calif.

"I already gave."

SOME NEIGHBORS HE COULD DO WITHOUT

I hope I never meet the kind of neighbor pictured on page 35 of the October, 1972, issue as a part of the Photo Invitational, *Who Is My Neighbor?* Moving a person who has been in an auto accident in that manner could result in more damage than good. This picture imparts a very dangerous story. The rest of the pictorial was wonderful.

DAVID G. PAUL, *Pastor*
St. Georges United Methodist Church
St. Georges, Del.

CHURCH FUNCTION IN SOCIETY MISUNDERSTOOD

I am responding to the letter from J. Forrest Collins in the October issue. [See *Poll Would Show Many Tired and Confused*, page 52.]

His quotation of Scripture—"render unto God the things that are God's"—is taken out of context and, as stated, simplifies Christian responsibility. But what of the "render unto Caesar" mandate which is an integral part of Christ's response to an honest question?

The church has been slow in addressing itself to equating these two contemporary forces which are essential to man's best interests. Therein lies the inability of the church to shape a society receptive of Christian standards. These two forces need to complement each other, and certainly the organized churches need to be in the forefront of this broader understanding of the function of the church in an organized society.

W. L. SPRECHER
Sauk City, Wis.

ARTICLE ON SMOKING HAD LASTING EFFECT

I have read *You, Your Faith, and Smoking* [October, 1972, page 37] and just want to tell you that an article I read about smoking in the old *Christian Advocate* years ago was the thing that put me to thinking that smoking wasn't the right thing to do. I had started smoking when I was 15 years old, and I quit when I was 29. Now I am 65.

I prayed and asked the good Lord to break me of the habit, and on March 28, 1937, an Easter Sunday, I quit and never did have a desire to smoke again.

I belong to the YMCA and go swimming six days a week, a mile a day. I wouldn't have the health to swim if I smoked.

CHESTER R. EASTON
St. Louis, Mo.

'MUCH IMPROVED,' SHE FINDS

Thank you for an excellent, comprehensive, Christian magazine. It is so much improved, in my opinion, over a year or two ago that I just must write to tell you so. A few years ago I had almost decided to discontinue taking it, but now I look forward to each issue. The photography always has been excellent.

MRS. HARRY SCHWALL
Wauseon, Ohio

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December, 1972, Credits inadvertently omitted: **Page 10**—Geargе P. Miller • **11**—March of Dimes • **12**—Bernard Narfalk, Sr.

—Your Editors

A major breakthrough in low-cost housing, born in the inventive mind of a Texas builder, is turning into a bonanza for earthquake-stricken Peru. it is called—

Stack-Sack Housing

By HERMAN B. TEETER
Associate Editor, *Together*

ON A LAZY Sunday afternoon in May, 1970, an earthquake of catastrophic proportions wiped out entire communities in the rugged Andes Mountains north of Lima, Peru.

In less than a minute, an estimated 50,000 persons were dead or fatally injured—some buried under murderous avalanches, most crushed in the rubble of their adobe houses. From the air, city after city in the narrow, heavily populated Huaylas Valley resembled the ruins of a modern Pompeii.

Although some 1,300 earth temblors strike Peru each year, this was perhaps the worst in that country's history. Thousands who survived remain homeless.

The United Methodist Committee on Relief (UMCOR) believes that a great many lives would have been spared had the Peruvian houses been constructed with a new technique that seems to have provided a major breakthrough in low-cost housing—housing that will stand up to both man-made and natural catastrophes.

The technique—essentially a simple one—was invented by a Dallas, Texas, builder who had a purpose other than earthquake protection in mind.

He is Edward T. Dicker who, as a prominent construction man for 40 years, has built everything from Air Force housing to luxury apartments. One of his apartment houses in a

First, burlap bags of dry cement are soaked . . .

. . . then skewered on foundation-secured steel rods.

fashionable section of Dallas was, at the time it was built, the tallest concrete structure west of the Mississippi.

For years Mr. Dicker was bothered by the fact that traditional concrete construction was so expensive because it was necessary to build two structures, one of them the temporary forms into which concrete is poured.

The Dicker technique, known as Stack-Sack, has been sold on a franchise basis throughout the United States and abroad since it was perfected in 1968. But the Dallas builder gave a franchise to UMCOR earlier this year after a talk with Dr. J. Harry Haines, its executive secretary, for the purpose of constructing low-cost housing in needy areas overseas—particularly quake-torn Peru.

The Stack-Sack process was developed by Mr. Dicker after the Federal Housing Administration invited ten builders from across the nation to build the least expensive and most livable house possible. Mr. Dicker achieved the winning goal with a Stack-Sack home built in 14 days by six unskilled laborers.

Stack-Sack virtually explains itself: it calls for a minimum of machinery and 6-inch x 24-inch burlap bags filled with dry cement mix. The bags are soaked in water before being skewered on long steel rods that secure them to a concrete slab foundation. Thus, in effect, the bags become giant bricks. If a smooth finish is desired, the walls may be sprayed inside and out with a "cementatious skin" to give a smooth or stuccolike appearance.

Dr. Haines heard of Stack-Sack and its inventor while preaching at Lovely Lane United Methodist Church in Dallas several months ago. He was introduced to Mr. Dicker by a Dallas manufacturer of mobile homes, at which time the Stack-Sack inventor donated a franchise to UMCOR.

Not only that, within a few weeks Mr. Dicker and two of his three sons were en route to Peru to train workers and supervise the UMCOR project which in less than three months saw the completion of a thousand low-cost homes for earthquake refugees.

Dr. Haines says the sacks for the building process are being stitched "by women who will eventually live in the completed houses." They will be paid with food under the Food for Work program.

"Functioning as a housing cooperative," Dr. Haines explained, "the refugees will build their own homes and pay back the cost of the house in five years, either in cash or in labor to build houses for others."

The houses are small, as are most of the houses in the stricken areas, but the cost for one considered adequate for a family of five is only about $125.

Dr. Haines said UMCOR had allocated $100,000 for the Peru project, and the Stack-Sack houses are being built in two areas—Huaraz, a coastal town north of Lima, and Aija, a village high in the Andes.

"The Stack-Sack method has been found by the University of Southern California to withstand winds up to 180 miles an hour," according to Dr. Haines. "A house will survive earth temblors up to 7 on the Richter scale, which is slightly higher than the disaster which killed so many in 1970."

The Dicker Stack-Sack method is proving adaptable to many climates and localities, not only as low-cost housing in this country and at least 14 others but for the construction of commercial buildings, churches, and apartment dwellings. Construction costs are estimated at less than half those for conventional methods.

After Peru, UMCOR plans to build 500 Stack-Sack housing units in Haiti. The buildings are said to be fireproof, hurricane and typhoon-proof, as well as earthquake-proof.

Mr. Dicker's winning low-cost home, built at a profit for less than $5,000 in 1968, included approximately 700 square feet of floor space, two bedrooms, bath, living room, dining area and kitchen, stove, refrigerator, and washing machine, central heating, vinyl-tile flooring, aluminum windows, open beam ceilings, concrete slab foundation, and insulated built-up roof! □

Finally, the walls are sprayed with a "cementatious skin."

It once was the home of the prince of Monaco. But now this estate near Naples, Italy, is home to hundreds of orphans—thanks in part to the support of American Methodists.

2+67=12,000

Text and Pictures by FRED M. DOLE

TWO PLUS sixty-seven equals 12,000. This equation, though mathematically illogical, summarizes the amazing history of Casa Materna, a Methodist-sponsored orphanage for children in Portici, Italy, a suburb of Naples. Begun with 2 children in 1905, Casa Materna has seen more than 12,000 youngsters pass through its gates in its 67 years.

I recalled these numbers as I stood on a sidewalk in Portici, surrounded by the snarling noise of small Italian cars and motorcycles and the featureless walls of apartment buildings and small stores. A bronzed fisherman pushed a cart of fresh fish past me, singing the merits of his wares in a lusty baritone. He paused beneath a window where a robust woman lowered a basket on a rope and he filled it with fish, all the time carrying on a lively conversation with his customer. An elderly woman lugged fresh vegetables home from the open-air market. A crowded bus stopped across the street and more passengers somehow managed to push their way on before it sped off toward Naples.

Then I noticed two small children beside a wall and I was suddenly transported back in time to a warm June afternoon in 1905. It was then that Methodist Pastor Riccardo Santi was approached by two similar children selling matches to support themselves and their mother. As he listened to their story of poverty and illness, Pastor Santi felt that God was speaking to him: "These children belong to Me. Take them and love them as you love Me. Do for them what has been done for you when you were a child. I will bless you."

So Riccardo Santi, who also had been an orphan, took the children home with him. For several days he tried to place little Angelo and Rosetta in orphanges but none had room for them. Finally, after much prayer and thought, the pastor and his wife Ersilia decided to keep the youngsters, even though they had two of their own.

On his daily pastoral rounds in Naples, Riccardo saw many other forsaken children wandering the streets, eating garbage, or selling fruit and other items for pennies. Still he heard his Lord's command: "Take these children and love them." He found himself inviting other boys and girls to his home for a hot meal—a visit that often extended into an overnight, then a permanent stay in the Santi home.

By 1909 more than 20 children filled the small apartment. Without intending to do so, the Santis had formed the first Protestant orphanage in southern Italy. Someone suggested a name, and Casa Materna—a home with the love of a mother—became a living institution.

In 1919 a chain of events that only God could inspire took place. Riccardo Santi traveled to the United States and told of his work and needs. A commission of the former Methodist Episcopal Church then traveled to Italy to help find a permanent location for the orphange. Nothing seemed suitable—until a taxi driver mentioned a villa he had seen for sale in Portici, then a wealthy suburb of Naples.

The magnificent seven-acre site with its red-stucco, 18th-century villa, suited the commission exactly. The next year, after careful negotiation through an intermediary (no Roman Catholic would have sold directly to a Protestant), the villa was purchased and the Santis and their children moved in.

The two children I had been watching while thinking about those early events disappeared into a building. I, too, turned and made my way through a large gate set in the blank wall, past a plaque relating how American Methodists had purchased the property, and into a different world! I could see the azure Bay of Naples shimmering at the end of a tree-shaded roadway. I heard the peaceful songs of many birds, the tinkling music of bubbling fountains, and—most wonderfully—the vibrant, joyful sounds of happy children.

As I came into sight of the original villa—now the main building of the orphanage surrounded by six others built to serve as dormitories, classrooms, and an infirmary—the children came running, gathering me into their midst, putting their hands in mine, gently, joyfully, leading me toward the dining hall for breakfast.

"Buon giorno!" Pastor Emanuele Santi, Riccardo's son and now codirector of Casa Materna with his medical-doctor brother Teofilo, was coming out of the building. The children and I responded with a chorus of *"Buon giornos"* and they flocked around him as they had around me.

Emanuele Santi radiates love in all that he does—whether soothing a crying child, leading the daily worship services, greeting guests, telling the Casa Materna story to congregations throughout Europe and America, or creating beautiful music on his much-used, priceless Stradivarius violin. As he approached me with hand outstretched, I felt again the powerful magnetism that is a Santi family trademark.

Always the Santis remember the promise to Riccardo:

It's lunch time! Children rush to the dining hall (above) past Donna DeGiacomo from Vermont, who is giving a year's service to the home. Volunteers come from several European nations, too. Love and faith form a constant circle of companionship between the children and staff.

"I will bless you." Their firm, unshakable faith in that truth has given them strength to lead their children through earthquakes, famine, church-and-state opposition, the Nazi regime, World War II, and personal sadness and disasters. Emanuele and Teofilo, now both in their 60s, daily live the words their father often spoke: "Whenever I see a child who suffers, I do not ask his name, I become that child."

"I heard you playing your violin early this morning," I told Emanuele.

"I hope it did not disturb you."

"Oh, no! I could listen to you play for hours."

"Tonight, then. Tonight! I will play for you as much as you wish."

Emanuele came to the United States in the 1930s to pursue a musical career, receiving recognition wherever he went for his original compositions. It was to be his life. But something happened—he cannot really pin it down—and he found himself entering Union Theological Seminary to become a minister, thus fulfilling his father's dream for his eldest son.

Laughingly, Emanuele relates how he kept his studies a secret until he received his bachelor of divinity degree and was ordained. Only then did he write to Papa Santi. "I have known all along," his father wrote back. "I always prayed to God that you would become a minister of his church."

Emanuele remained in the States, serving Methodist congregations in the New York City area, teaching his church children to play the violin, and giving talk after talk about Casa Materna to church groups all over New England. He also formed the Casa Materna Society, the American arm of the orphanage.

In 1956 Fabio, Emanuele's brother and director of the orphanage, was killed in an auto accident. Emanuele returned to Portici the next year to carry on the work of the orphanage. But the ties with America are still close. He visits the U.S. every few years to tell the Casa Materna story, and continues serving without salary as the orphanage director.

We are in the dining hall now, amid the joyful exuberance of the 200 resident children (300 others are enrolled in the day school) eagerly beginning a new day. The arches of the room above us proclaim, "Christ is the Head of this house/Christ is the Silent Listener to every conversation/Christ is the Invisible Guest at every meal." These phrases and the devotions that come before and after breakfast set the tone for all the home's activities.

I followed some of the older students through their daily schedule and marveled at the quality of education, the concern and interest of the teachers, and the excellence of the extracurricular programs which include instruction in arts and crafts, cameo making, and preparation for careers in machine or carpentry shops.

That evening the children eagerly put on a show for the visitors. From the smallest kindergarten girl to the high-school senior, they sang and danced until it was time to go to bed. The program included Italian and Greek folk dances, a Mexican hat dance, even an American maypole dance.

By nine o'clock, though, the lights wink out in the dormitories and soon one can hear the soft rustle of palm trees and the rhythmic breaking of waves along the black-sand beach of the bay.

Children say evening prayers in the "Nest" as young children's rooms are called. Classes at the home of high quality and variety, include even a cameo wo shop (above right). The wandering minstrel (right) Dr. Emanuele Santi, who codirects Casa Materna w his brother Teofilo. Their father founded the hor

My wife and I join Emanuele and Teofilo for conversation and, as he had promised, music. The two brothers enthrall us with violin and piano music that lasts for more than an hour. It is with reluctance that we finally say good night and make our way back up the now moon-lit road to the guest quarters.

I walk slowly along the pathway that more than 12,000 have followed to a new and wonderful life, pausing to look back at the silent villa, remembering all I've seen and heard, and offering a heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving to God. Casa Materna is living evidence of what can happen when a person of Riccardo Santi's faith hears *and follows* God's directions: "These children belong to Me. Take them and love them as you love Me. I will bless you." □

You Asked...

You Asked is *Together*'s new general question forum. It replaces both *Teens* and *Your Faith*, long-time *Together* departments, and is an attempt to offer a more inclusive question and answer column. Questions will be accepted on such subjects as the family, Christian faith, church organization, social issues, and other matters of concern to Christians. Bishop Thomas, episcopal head of the Iowa Area, and Dr. White, district superintendent in the Southern New England Annual Conference, will continue to supply answers along with other church officials and leaders in specialized fields.

—Your Editors

Next May I will receive an A.B. degree in Spanish education. I would like to work as a missionary in South America or Spain. What are my chances?

The United Methodist Board of Global Ministries, through its World Division, is involved in ministries of Methodist churches in Latin American countries, and our missionaries serve there. We do not send missionaries to Spain. Through its National Division, the board serves Spanish-speaking communities and churches in the United States.

Both in Latin America and the U.S., Spanish-speaking persons are coming forward to serve in ministries to their own people. The sent person from outside needs to be able to make a contribution which is especially needed.

There are positions in mission schools, community centers, day-care centers, and urban ministries for which your skill in Spanish and your appreciation of Hispanic-American culture would be important. We would welcome your consideration of the U.S.-2 relationship through which you might be appointed as a special-term home missionary.

—John W. Johannaber, Executive Secretary
Office of Missionary Personnel

I broke up with this fellow since all he had on his mind was sex. Since then he has gotten a girl pregnant, started liking other men, and gotten involved with obscene acts. Now 18 months later he is pleading with me to come back to him. I feel guilty about what happened to him. Maybe it was my fault that he turned out the way he did. I gave him no emotional security. He seems improved. Should I go back with him?

In the same mail with your letter was one from a young woman whose marriage had broken up. She describes how for seven years she slaved to make her husband happy and he resented her efforts. She says, "I finally saw how I had been handicapped with my old taking-care-of-everybody script and had been contributing to my husband's unhappiness by taking responsibility for his emotions." She reminds us: "It is too easy to confuse the Christian ideal of caring for others with the sort of rescuer role that I got into, which is crippling on both sides." Do you think you can avoid that trap?

—Dale White

When the youth council of United Methodism set up its priorities, a top one was minority empowerment. Do you feel this was the result of pressure or are young people really interested and concerned about underprivileged minorities?

I think young people are far more altruistic than older people. And young people for the most part are more fair-minded than older people. They are more likely to give the underdog a chance and be sympathetic to his aspirations and desires, and this is in complete keeping with the spirit of Christ, in my opinion. There is a possibility at times that a minority spokesman can sweep them into positions based more on emotionalism than upon calm decision. But all in all, I favor their position of minority empowerment.

—Bishop Paul Hardin, Jr., Retired
From Youth Leader

Does worldly power corrupt the church?

It certainly can and often does, but the opposite is definitely not true. There is no perfectly clear line between worldly power and spiritual power. The church is people and people represent both kinds of power. Often they emphasize social power for six days and call vaguely for spiritual power on the Sabbath. But power of any kind is subject to the judgment of God.

There is no way, not even in our most conservative churches, to be free of worldly power. Money is worldly power, but it can be turned into spiritual power and used for great social good. Politics represents worldly power, but it can elect just men as easily as it can elect demagogues. Votes represent worldly power, but then they can be turned into schools for children, just laws, and healthy communities. It is not worldly power that corrupts the church, but our failure to use it for the purposes of God and in the service of people.

—Bishop James S. Thomas

You Asked . . . questions should be submitted to You Asked Editor, c/o *Together*, 1661 North Northwest Highway, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.

Kaleidoscope

A CHRISTIAN focus on the visions of reality and illusion that come to us from books, music, broadcasting, the theater, and other art forms.

Print

"Never ask, 'Oh, why were things so much better in the old days?' It's not an intelligent question."

That's Ecclesiastes 7:10 in **Wisdom for Modern Man.** This new paperback gives us a totally new and contemporary translation of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. It is so named because these two Old Testament books are so down-to-earth in their recognition of practical, everyday concerns they are classified as "wisdom literature."

The translation is Today's English Version, in which the American Bible Society published the New Testament in 1966 (*Good News for Modern Man*), and into which it now is translating the entire Old Testament. It plans to publish the complete Bible in Today's English Version in 1976. In the meantime, it is issuing portions of the Old Testament as translation progresses. *Wisdom for Modern Man* can be ordered from the American Bible Society, 1865 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023 for 10¢ a copy plus 5 percent for handling (minimum order, 25¢).

I have just finished reading the perfect novel for cold winter nights by the fireplace. **August 1914** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $10) is a masterfully told 622-page epic about the outbreak of World War I as seen from the Russian side.

It is the first volume of a fascicle by Russian novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who won the 1970 Nobel Prize for Literature. He regards the fascicle as "the chief artistic design of my life."

I personally found *August 1914* more compelling and exciting—and also much more difficult—than any of the three other Solzhenitsyn novels I have read. (Reviewed by Martha A. Lane.)

Standing at the sink washing the breakfast dishes, Mrs. Rogers spoke out loud. "Iana, kanna, saree saree kanai . . ." Her voice went on. She didn't know what the sounds meant, but she felt a quiet contentment talking and singing in the strange syllables.

After an ordinary evening church service, interested members of the congregation were invited to remain to discuss the gift of tongues. About a dozen people gathered around the altar rail, and seven of them prayed out loud in English. Then the guest preacher began to pray in tongues. "I felt, as I listened to him praying in tongues, as if there were an electrifying charge in the air," remembers one of the group who found himself uttering strange sounds before the meeting was over. They came to him without his knowing how they came, and: "It was the best I ever felt in all my 31 years."

Until the late 1950s the practice of glossolalia—speaking in tongues—was confined to a few extreme, theologically conservative religious sects. Generally it occurred in emotionally charged atmospheres. Then about 15 years ago it began to appear in mainline Protestant churches.

Psychologist John P. Kildahl, on the faculty of the Postgraduate Center for Mental Health and director of the pastoral psychology program at New York Theological Seminary, has spent 10 years studying glossolalia in mainline Protestant denominations, and he takes some of the mystery out of it in **The Psychology of Speaking in Tongues** (Harper & Row, $4.95).

He does not believe that it is uniquely spiritual, or the result of God's intervention in man's speech. It can be learned, he says, almost as other abilities are learned. It does make people feel better, and theologically it is perhaps possible to claim that anything that makes one feel better is in some way a gift of God. Whether one calls it a gift of the Spirit, then, is a matter of choice. Whether it is constructive or damaging depends upon how it is used.

In any case, Dr. Kildahl points out, glossolalia today is

"You never know when your time is coming. Like birds suddenly caught in a trap, like fish caught in a net, we are trapped at some evil moment when we least expect it." James Howard's illustration for Ecclesiastes 9:12 in Wisdom for Modern Man.

THE 1973 23rd ANNUAL

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not like the Pentecostal experience of the apostles that is related in the Book of Acts. That was the spontaneous ability to speak in a language the person himself did not know. Current glossolalia more nearly resembles the speaking in tongues described in First Corinthians, when no one, including the speaker, knew what he was saying.

The realities of life in Southeast Asia are linked inextricably to the opium poppy. It is the chief cash crop of the "Golden Triangle" where Laos, Thailand, and Burma meet. In fact, that mountainous area produces 70 percent of the world's illicit opium.

Money from the rackets, including narcotics, is vital to any Southeast Asian regime's survival, and when the United States followed the French into South Viet Nam, it learned very quickly that it would have to close its eyes to the production and transport of narcotics.

The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia (Harper & Row, $10.95), by Alfred W. McCoy with Cathleen B. Read and Leonard P. Adams II, charges that since then the United States government itself has been involved in the narcotics traffic on three levels—coincidental complicity by allying with groups that are actively engaged in the drug traffic, ignoring the activities of known heroin traffickers, and knowingly allowing American aircraft, crews, and equipment to be subverted for the transport of opium and heroin.

The story of narcotics, from Mafia chiefs to governments, is a history of cynicism, greed, and disregard for human life, and *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* is an important book. It is slow-moving, though, partly because of the large number of Asian names that kept me, at least, constantly turning back to see, again, who this one or that one was, and partly because of its appropriately scholarly style. This is a book based on a lot of research by three authors who are Ph.D. candidates.

In fact, the book might not have gotten much public attention in spite of its relevancy if the Central Intelligence Agency had not warned the publisher that it might contain inaccuracies, libelous statements, and material damaging to the interests of this country. Harper & Row acceded to the agency's request to see proofs, but the brief 1,500-word critique that the CIA returned with them apparently raised no serious questions. At least, no changes were made, and publication went ahead on schedule.

Serious questions have been raised by people—including Mr. McCoy himself—who see this kind of prepublication screening as an insidious form of censorship. If all the resulting publicity has created more readers for the book, that is the only bright aspect in a very disturbing circumstance.

All across the country there are groups of Christians who have chosen to experience worship, mission, spiritual growth, religious education, and Christian community without spires or sanctuaries.

Some are inside settled institutions of the faith, others are outside. They vary in style, emphasis, and purpose, but they share the belief that God has been hidden too long behind the holy of holies within the sanctuary. They call themselves house churches.

Presbyterian minister Donald R. Allen, who has been pastor of a cluster of house churches in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley for ten years, describes this movement in **Barefoot in the Church** (John Knox Press, $5.95). In addition to his own congregation, he tells about a dozen house churches from coast to coast.

Films

There's more variety to be found in the films playing in theaters around the country than we've had for some time.

The Ruling Class (*PG*) is a stunning parable. Peter O'Toole plays Jack, the insane heir of an English earl. He believes himself to be the God of Love and calls himself J.C. When the earl dies and the rest of the family learns that they've been cut out of their share of his estate, they conspire to get Jack to marry the mistress of one of them. The plan is that when Jack has an heir, he will be certified insane and shut away in a mental home.

The scheme falls through when the mistress (Carolyn Seymour) falls in

love with Jack and forces his psychiatrist to bring him back to sanity. And so the God of Love becomes the God of Wrath, a Jack the Ripper obsessed by violence and bent on power.

The film is bizarre and will turn off many people. Christians who believe that the church puts too much stress on law and too little on gospel will find its message compelling. Peter O'Toole's performance is magnificent.

The Emigrants (*PG*) is the saga of a small group of people who leave the poverty of 19th-century Sweden for the promise of America. It centers on Max von Sydow as a hard-working farmer who finds his future in the farmlands of Minnesota, Liv Ullman as his wife, and Eddie Axberg as his teen-aged brother. Powerful and sensitive, *The Emigrants* tells us something about our own ancestors who made the same journey, and thus about the fiber of America itself.

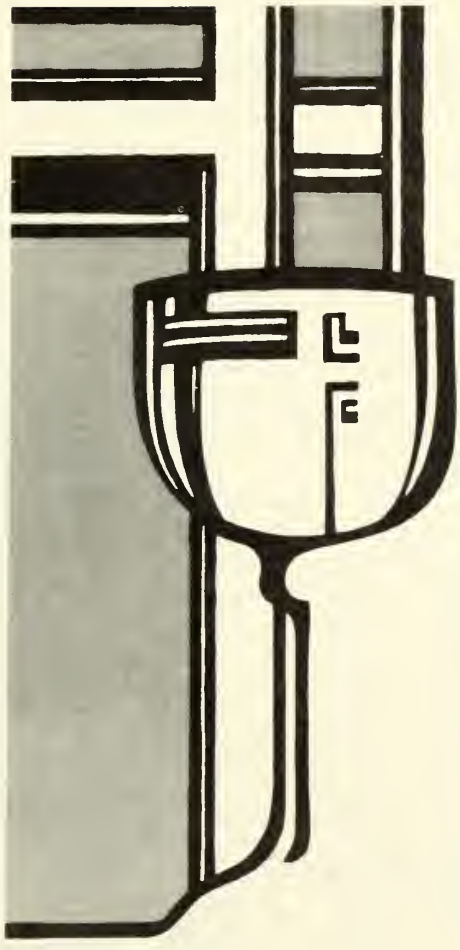
Frenzy (*R*) is Alfred Hitchcock at his technical best, but in spite of the outrageous Hitchcock humor the macabre frankness with which the bodies of sex murder victims are presented to the audience will put it beyond the tastes of many former Hitchcock fans.

Television

The miracle wasn't that it could be done successfully. It was that it could be done at all. Yet when I asked a representative of Chicago's public television station, WTTW, about response to the attack that public TV mounted against venereal disease in October, the answer was, "Fantastic. We expected criticism and harsh calls, but all we got were calls of praise and applause."

In spite of the grimness of its subject—VD has reached epidemic proportions in the United States—the hour-long special hosted by Dick Cavett was entertaining, factual, frank, and very, very interesting. The humor didn't seem out of place; in fact it seemed particularly effective in underlining the seriousness of VD.

Like other PBS stations, WTTW followed **VD Blues** with a local pro-



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gram during which telephone calls for more information were handled by public health people. Illinois Bell Telephone Company estimated that more than 700 calls came in to the station during that hour alone, and calls kept coming in for days afterward. Dr. Murray C. Brown, commissioner of the city's Board of Health, reported that during the two days immediately after the showing more than 1,000 people underwent treatment in two Chicago venereal disease clinics.

Part of the program's success came from interfaith backing and the cooperation of medical, education, health, and nursing associations, but the key factor was producer Don Fouser's concept. It was superbly right.

Among the special programs coming up on public television during the next few weeks are these. Check your local listings for when.

International Performance: *Tribute to Beethoven.*

Playhouse New York: *An American Christmas,* arts and music.

Bach chorale special.

Specials on the Networks

Dec. 17, 9-10 p.m., EST on ABC—*Of Men and Women.* Short plays on the relationship between man and woman, produced by Fred Coe.

Dec. 17, 10-11 p.m., EST on ABC—*Biography: The Woman I Love.* Faye Dunaway and Richard Chamberlain star as Wallis Simpson and King Edward VIII.

Dec. 18, 9-11 p.m., EST on NBC—Monday night movie, *The Snoop Sisters,* stars Helen Hayes and Mildred Natwick as two elderly women who go about solving crime.

Dec. 23, 8-9 p.m., EST on NBC—Tennessee Ernie Ford musical special, *Make a Joyful Noise.*

Dec. 28, 8-9 p.m., EST on CBS—News special, *Whatever Happened to '72?*

Jan. 4, 8-11 p.m., EST on CBS—Joseph Papp production of Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing.*

Jan. 7, 1-1:30 p.m., EST on ABC—*Directions . . . A Conversation With the Archbishop of Canterbury.*

—*Helen Johnson*

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God of all excellencies, surge in me.

When the going is rough, and men must stand up,

God of the prophets, enter my life.

When the present is a wintry forest; the future, night,

Light which the darkness cannot overcome, be my treasure.

When the unyielding heart of man is adamant, and rallies for his attack wild dragons of exploitive will,

God the transformer, find me with and in you.

—*Ross Snyder*

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